

# *v* The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



**WILLIAM  
MOOPLE**

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"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

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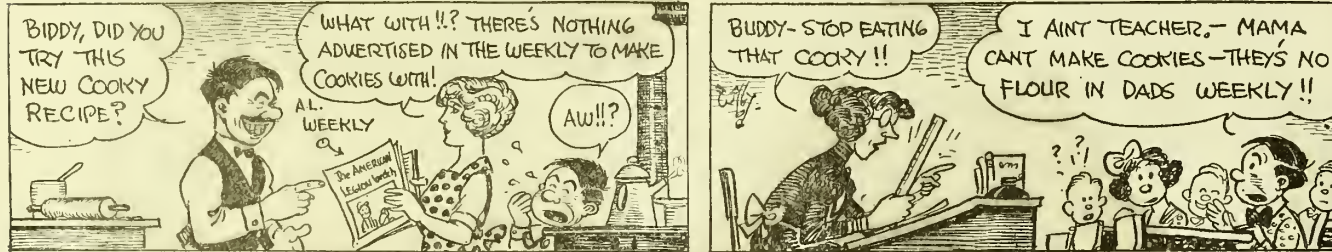
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LET'S PATRONIZE THEY ADVERTISE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV TWO, VVV THREE, VVVV FOUR AND FIVE STRIPES ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE SIX STRIPES ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR. We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1932. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY ADVERTISE, LET'S PATRONIZE



## The World's Finest Cooky

This is the funniest world Buddy ever lived in.

Wives, mothers, sisters, of Buddy, *et al*, stepped out and brought home the bacon in the form of 500 or so recipes, when it was found that buddies in the Hospital voted Miss Cooky the most popular of all the Eat girls.

And with due ceremony the national cooky was chosen—and placed in jars at government hospitals.

Mrs. Buddy read about the ingredients for the world's finest cooky and promptly retired to the kitchen, leaving Bud and the little Buddiettes all agog.

Buddy was reading his Weekly. There was the old slogan, clear as the slum call, "They advertise, let's patronize." And on another page was the recipe that was to brighten up the lives of men in hospitals. Buddy dashed through the advertising columns. Not a single item of this list was advertised therein.

The Stave Hero lunged into the kitchen. He found Biddy in tears. She, too, had realized that in making the National Cooky she could not patronize advertisers who use the Weekly.

Sweet cooky! If it rained luck, the Buddy family would have been caught in a jam in a closed car.

Mrs. Buddy and Bud himself got their heads together. For once, they purchased goods that were not advertised in the Weekly. The cause was worth it.

But—they decided to send out an SOS, high and far, asking Legionnaires and Auxiliary members to name the brands of goods that should be used in making this big-league cooky.

Say it with flour. Sweeten the dotted lines. Get a rise out of Buddy by using the coupon.

How many have already tried this National Cooky? How many more will try it if manufacturers of the ingredients will advertise in the Weekly?

Here is a wonderful opportunity to show food advertisers that the Buddy family read the Weekly and are loyal to its advertisers.

If you've never forwarded a coup, make this No. 1. Fill in the lines with your choice of brands.

Here's the winning recipe, submitted by Mrs. Fredrick Gehlman of Springfield, Ill.:

- |                           |                                 |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 3 cups flour              | 1 cup raisins cut with scissors |
| 2 cups sugar              | 1 cup lard or butter            |
| 1 teaspoon soda           | 1 cup sour milk                 |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 1 egg well beaten               |
| 3 cups rolled oats ground |                                 |

Process: Flour the raisins. Cream the fat in a mixing bowl, adding the sugar gradually. Add the egg, then the milk, then the dry ingredients after sifting them together, then the oats, and lastly the floured raisins. Using a teaspoon, put onto a greased and floured baking sheet. Put into a fairly hot oven 350 degrees and leave 10 to 15 minutes.

To Buddy in the Barrel,  
627 West 43d St., New York City

I would use the following products for making our National Cooky and for other cooking purposes if they were advertised in the Weekly:

Flour.....

Lard or vegetable shortening.....

Soda.....

Baking powder.....

Rolled oats.....

Raisins.....

Sugar.....

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark dealer..... salesman

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....



# Are You Ever Tongue-Tied At a Party?

**H**AVE you ever been seated next to a man, or a woman, at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about?

Have you ever been tongue-tied at a party—actually tongue-tied, you know, and unable to say what you wanted to say, hesitant and embarrassed instead of well-poised and at ease?

It is humiliating to sit next to a young lady or a young man, at a dinner-table and not be able to converse in a calm, well-bred manner. It is awkward to leave one's dance partner without a word—or to murmur some senseless phrase that you regret the moment it leaves your lips.

Embarrassment robs so many of us of our power of speech. Frequently people who are quite brilliant talkers among their own friends find that they cannot utter a word when they are among strangers.

At a party, do you know how to make and acknowledge introductions in a pleasing, well-poised manner? Do you know how to mingle with the guests, saying the right thing at the right time? Do you know what to say to your hostess when you arrive, and what to say when you depart?

Does conversation lag every time it reaches you? Are you constrained and ill at ease throughout the evening?

The difference between being a calm, well-poised guest and an embarrassed, constrained guest is usually the difference between a happy and a miserable evening.



## Are You Ever "Alone" in a Crowd?

**T**HE man who does not know exactly what is expected of him at a party or a dance, feels alone, out of place. He imagines people are noticing him, thinking how dull he is, how uninteresting.

The woman who does not have a pleasing, engaging manner invariably has the "panicky" feeling of a wallflower. She is afraid of making blunders, constrained and embarrassed when she should be entirely at ease.

Good manners make good mixers. If you do not want to be tongue-tied at a party, if you do not want to feel "alone" in a crowd, make it your business to know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. The man or woman who is able to do the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think

about it is the man or woman who is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.

### The Easiest Art to Master

Music, painting, writing—most arts require long study and constant application. Etiquette, which is one of the most useful arts in daily life, can be mastered in almost one evening.

Etiquette tells you everything you want to know about what is worn and what is done in good society.

By telling you what to say and when to say it, by explaining exactly what to do under all circumstances, etiquette gives you a wonderful poise and ease of manner. Instead of being tongue-tied, it shows you how to be a pleasing, interesting conversationalist. Instead of being "alone" it teaches you the secret of making people like you and seek your company.

### Mistakes That Condemn Us As Ill-Bred

There are countless little blunders that one can make at a party or a dance. For instance, the man who mutters "Pleased to meet you" over and over again as his hostess introduces him to the other guests is revealing how little he really knows about polite society. The woman who says "Mr. Blank, meet Miss Smith" makes two very obvious mistakes.

At the dinner table, in the ballroom, with strangers and with one's own friends, one must avoid the little social blunders that can cause embarrassment. An easy, calm, engaging manner is of much greater importance than a pretty gown or a smart new suit.

### The Book of Etiquette—Authoritative and Complete

The Book of Etiquette, in two large volumes, covers every phase of etiquette. It solves every problem that has ever puzzled you.

In the Book of Etiquette you will find absorbing chapters on dinners, on teas, on weddings, on engagements. You will find a most fascinating chapter on the bride's trousseau, and a wonderful chapter devoted to the business woman. There are chapters on introductions, on correspondence, on speech, on dress. Nothing is omitted, nothing is forgotten.

### Sent to You Free for 5 Days' Examination

Won't you let us send you, entirely free and without obligation, the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette? No money whatever is necessary. Keep the books for 5 days and examine them thoroughly. Within that 5-day period decide whether you want to return the books without one penny's cost to you, or keep them and send us only \$3.50 in full payment.

You will be the sole judge. This is a free proof offer—the Book of Etiquette is sent to you free for examination before you purchase it.

Just clip and mail the coupon, and the Book of Etiquette will be in your hands in a day or two. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 362, Garden City, N. Y.

#### FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 362  
Garden City, New York

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$5, with 5 days' free examination privileges.

(Orders from outside the United States are payable cash with order.)







## GOOD CLOTHES WILL WORK FOR YOU

In getting that job, or that raise, or that sale, or that girl, have good clothes working for you. They make you feel better, look better, give you confidence. You know they're good if our label's in them.

### HART SCHAFFNER & MARX





© Wide World Photos

A good-natured poilu cook distributes leftovers from a field kitchen to an equally friendly assemblage of Dortmund youngsters. Photographs like this were not taken in Belgium from 1914 to 1918

## France in the Ruhr

By Frederick Palmer

THE poilus, with their pinard, their guns and kitchens, have been on the march again. This time the wave of advance is all horizon blue. There is no British or American khaki in line. An old bond has been broken. The British repudiate the new French enterprise; America, mystified, withdraws the last of her soldiers from the Rhine.

We are told that the French object is money; that France plans to squeeze the last cent in coin, or in kind, out of Germany by force. France, the champion of democracy, is accused of the same kind of militarism against which she waged war for four years. Fears are expressed that her action will bring on another European war. Financiers tell us that she will make no profit out of the Ruhr.

Then why is she there? What is in the French mind? It is something which men who have been billeted in shell-riddled villages in France and faced German machine guns can understand better than financiers. It is something which men who have endured the drudgery of training camps can better understand than those who have not been in uniform. For the real experts in any question where force applies are always the men who have seen service in uniform.

Suppose that there were a people living to the north of us who far outnumbered us, who spoke a different language and were as different from us in ways as a wild-cat from a bull terrier. By nature there can be no truce between the wild-cat and the terrier. They will fight each other on sight.

Suppose that the frontier line between the northerners and ourselves had always been changing as the result of war. When we won we annexed some of their land inhabitants. When they won they did the same thing to us. The winner always extorted tribute and left destruction and misery in his path.

And suppose that this sort of fierce reprisal had been going on so long that it had come to be as much the accepted part of existence as the ebb and flow of the tides and the change of seasons.

Then we should know what war and invasion really mean. Our Southern States knew what it meant more than sixty years ago. They have not forgotten Sherman. But the rest of our people have never had war brought home to them in the memory of living



men. The French have had it brought home to them generation after generation through the centuries, and always by that same enemy. The only way to keep him off their soil was to beat him at arms. To prevent destruction of your own country, carry destruction into his country. Maim him or he would maim you.

Every Frenchman is convinced that if the Kaiser and his war lords had won the late war they did not mean to leave enough of France for a second bite. They planned to bleed her white, to finish her.

To prevent this, fifteen hundred thousand of the youth of France perished in the war. Their sacrifice was not enough to beat that ancient enemy. So strong had that enemy become that if France had been unassisted she would have been overwhelmed. To her aid came the other nations of the world.

How should we feel if we had to call in two great European nations and the Central Americans to repulse a northern horde? Our dependence would hurt our pride. Our allies would be a little sore at all the suffering they had to undergo on our account. The harder pressed we were, the more we needed help, the more America in her danger would mean to us. We would be fighting for America, thinking for America.

So France is fighting and thinking for France. When the French think of their fifteen hundred thousand dead they want it "fixed" so that enemy can never come again. They want their house made burglar proof just as you and I want ours to be. That is the first law of nature, self-preservation, which makes you dodge a thrown stone or shoot a charging lion.

The most powerful nation in the world at the end of the war was the United States. Our weight had turned the balance against Germany. At the Peace Conference our President signed the Covenant of the League of Nations. Our Senate repudiated it. (I am mentioning a fact, not entering into a political argument.) With us out of the League, the French, who had little confidence in what seemed to them a Utopian dream, dismissed it as a means of protection.

Our President also signed the tripartite alliance by which Britain and America agreed to come to the assistance of France if she were attacked. This the Senate also repudiated. So Frenchmen concluded that France could not depend upon old allies if German guns again thundered on her frontiers.

It is all very well for us to say that we should "volunteer" our aid to France when she was in danger, but the French

say that we should go only when it was to our own interest—the interest of our national self-preservation. We are thinking of America first as the French are thinking of France first. If we sent aid it might be too late, or, at least, not until France was again overrun and another belt of devastation lay under the German heel.

Under the shadow of the memories of all the past wars and in sight of the graves of the fifteen hundred thousand dead, what would have been your conclusion if you were a Frenchman? That France must depend wholly upon her own resources for future defense.

Once the Germans were beaten the self-interests of the two great allies, Britain and France, began to part company. In all the thousand years of the ebb and flow of armies across the Franco-German frontier Britain has never known the meaning of invasion. Britain's home defense is a belt of salt water. She does not worry until the rise of a preponderant power on the continent of Europe threatens her by sea. The German navy, which had begun to threaten her, is destroyed. The French navy is negligible. So Britain is not worrying now as she concentrates her interest on continental markets.

France holds that she is not secure while Germany is powerful on land. The strongest European army is as essential to her security as the strongest European navy is to British security. France would weaken Germany at every possible point in every possible way. She has surrounded Germany with a web of alliances and friend-

ships with Poland and the small nations.

The next French thought after security is the French pocket. Billions of francs subscribed out of the hard earnings of French workers and peasants for Russian bonds in prewar days appear to be wholly lost through Bolshevik repudiation. On paper, France is a bankrupt nation. She sees the British pound back nearly to the normal rate of exchange while her franc is worth in gold only one-third of what it was before the war. Interest payments on the huge American war loans are not even nebulously in sight. Only by further borrowing does she meet her current expenses, including the interest on her home loans.

Who is to blame for all this? The ancient enemy says the Frenchman. And that is not all that he is to blame for. Germany, though vanquished, knew no villages in ruins. She escaped the horrors of destruction and driven refugees. The belt of devastation which German occupation left in France is an open wound in the French mind, heart and soul.

Who is paying for reconstruction? According to French statistics, for every quarter of a dollar which Germany has so far contributed, France has contributed one dollar. In other words, the victor is paying for the damage done by the vanquished, say the French.

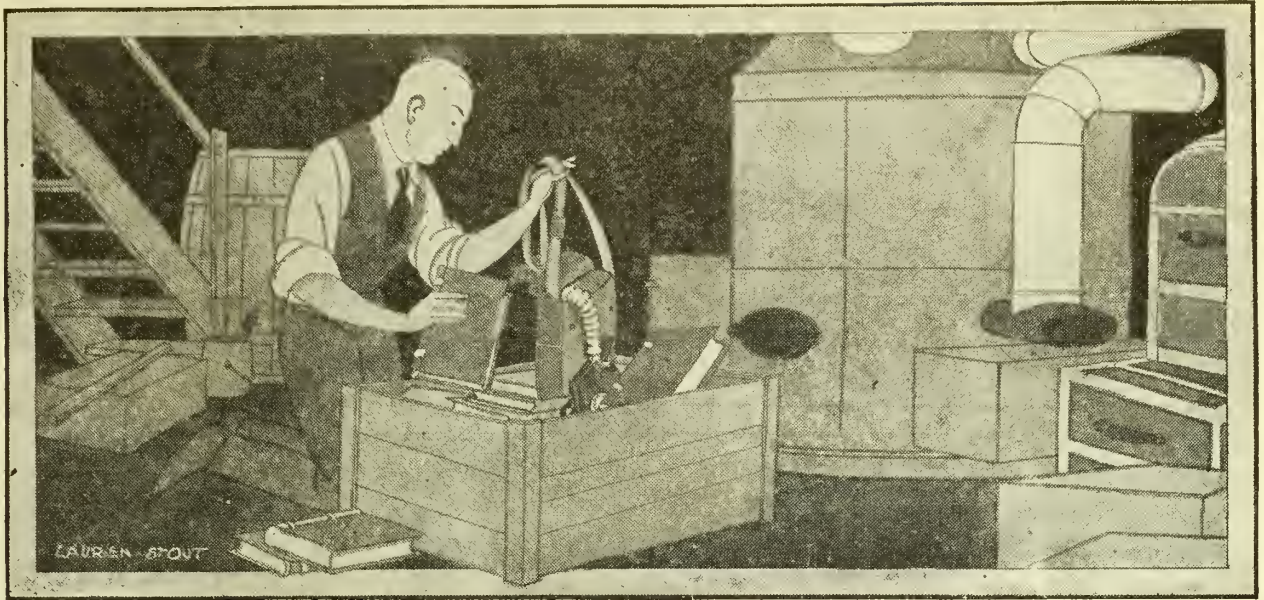
Germany had not met her reparation payments according to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. So France

(Continued on page 26)



"What Pennsylvania, with its coal and iron and its steel plants, is to the United States, and more, the Ruhr is to Germany. In size it is smaller than Rhode Island." The map shows the Ruhr basin in detail and the inset the relation of the Ruhr to the rest of northwestern Europe. All the cities shown are important industrial centers, compact and densely populated—Düsseldorf and Essen, for instance, contain respectively about 360,000 and 300,000 inhabitants, Dortmund 214,000, and Barmen and Elberfeld 170,000 each. Nowhere in America, outside of the great metropolitan areas, is there such a dense cluster of large cities





"The next article was a gas mask"

# Raw, Raw, Raw, Beaun-n-n-n-ne!

**L**AST week I went down into the cellar to dig some things out of a box. What they were doesn't matter here—the important point is that I went down into the cellar for purposes other than those generally attributed to a visit to subterranean regions in these days of the Eighteenth Amendment. I found the box next to the furnace, and forthwith I began to rummage violently. The first articles to come to hand were a couple of textbooks on history, appropriately dusty. The next article was a gas mask, its flap turned back, its rubber face-strip hanging down at the end of its hose. For three packed-away years it had been at the alert, and it looked a little tired of the job.

And then, in the pleasant, warm dusk of the cellar I sat down and began to commune with memory, the faithful old gas mask drooping in one hand. The ghosts of times that were had commenced to move through the shadows. The furnace rumbled a little, and it sounded like a rolling kitchen on one of those metalled, tree-lined roads we used to know so well across the seas; outside in the street a truck went by clanging the way those trucks always did. I could almost catch the faint, never-to-be-forgotten aroma of slum.

I thought, of course you will say, of crashing nights in the Argonne and killing kilometers ticked off under full pack. I did not. The other hand—the one that didn't hold the gas mask—happened to be clutching one of the history books. I was back again for a time in the days when both gas mask and textbook marched together—back in college in dear old A. E. F. U. with the sun flooding the Burgundian plain and the towering blue-hazed splendor of the Côte d'Or banked behind the white spires of Beaune.

*Chien chaud*—or, to put it into plain

## A Throwback into Those Dear Old College Days, I. D. R. Style

By a Former Instructor at A. E. F. U.

American, hot dog—that was a college! Were you ever there? It took the collapsible mess-kit and the self-filling condiment can. Memories of Beaune rising from the touch of that old gas mask and book—they swamped me in waves in that twilight cellar and they swamp me still. I am glad that I went down into the dark to find those things I wanted, whatever they were. It gave me one of the honestest chuckles I have had since I saw the adjutant's baggage miss the unloading net and hit the River Mersey between the transport and the Liverpool docks.

Old American Expeditionary Force University at Beaune where they issued you a college education while you waited for the ship to sail—I see your classic wooden barracks halls still, I hear your merry students' voices rising in the old college song:

"Mademoiselle from Armentières,  
Parlez vous . . ."

I remember the day I struck Beaune, detached from my division and sent down by a kindly G. H. Q. which had been reading personnel cards and found a college career somewhere hidden in my past. I was to be an enlisted instructor. I visualized reveille, retreat, K. P., coal details, the while I tried to hammer the little education I still had into the heads of doughboys. But I was to learn old A. E. F. U. was a college—part of the Army, true, but still a college—and that many a highbrow was concealed beneath a tin hat.

A medical sergeant, first class, in charge at the enlisted instructors barracks, heard my explanation. "Assigned as instructor. Where do I report next?"

"Search me," he said blithely, with a most un-sergeantly grin. "We never get very military around here. Better pick out a cot and get a good nap. You're in with a gang of highbrows now."

I was. As I found out later, indeed I was. The delicate aura of culture floated above the mud that A. E. F. U. had for its campus—the Q. M. almost passed out horn-rimmed spectacles with the Bull Durham. Three thousand of us, officers and bucks, instructors and students, had landed feet first in Paradise by the simple expedient of making out an application for the A. E. F.'s own privately-conducted university. It must have been a dull day at G. H. Q. when they said, "Let's educate the Army."

"How about reveille?" I recall asking that night of a smooth-faced corporal with both Harvard and Oxford degrees behind him who taught European history up to the point where the war had messed it. I had arrived late at A. E. F. U. and some vestige of the Army tradition still clung to me. The Harvard-Oxford corporal's recital was both brief and illuminating.

"Where are the men?" It seems the ash-blond little looney who was C. O. of the Enlisted Instructors Detachment had inquired of the topkick, who wore glasses, the first morning of college when the bugler was still optimist enough to get up.

"They won't come out, lieutenant," said the topper, who was one of the world's good eggs. "They're still in bed."

"Then to blazes with 'em," said the looney, who was also one of the world's good eggs, and went off to breakfast.

So the next morning after my arrival I arose promptly at quarter to eleven and went to lecture to my eleven o'clock class. But I didn't get away to the flying start of one of the leading lights



of the Enlisted Instructors Detachment. Whenever two or three of us get together these prosaic days, which isn't often, we still refer to it.

He had been a dramatic critic on a New York newspaper—I think he still is newspapering around the big city—and the Marines had made quite a buck leatherneck out of him.

"This course is Early English Literature. Get that," he announced at his first lecture in what he called a speech, "to make the boys feel at home." "I am especially pleased to note the democracy of this classroom. I see privates, corporals, sergeants, stable sergeants, captains and lieutenants. You may check

now any particular professor in O. D. who didn't do his blunkedest to impart whatever it was he happened to know to his large-eared class.

And our students? They may have been as anxious as we to forget squads east and all they ever learned about the Mills grenade, but they did—they actually did—seem to thirst for the waters of the fount of learning. They even used to draw their books and study under the arc lights by the library when the building was crowded in the early days. Dizziness and the merry raspberry for things military flourished all right at dear old A. E. F. U., but I doubt if anyone who was there will

Mr. Baker's diplomacy that he soothed the multitude with a few well-chosen words without mentioning either Le Mans or St. Nazaire.

Also, imbedded in the dignified type of the two hundred-page booklet outlining the courses offered at A. E. F. U. (getting out booklets and other printed matter dealing with the college was one of the best little things done at Beaune) reposes this gem, dashed off by an Infantry major, who in the States was head of the Department of English at a Middle Western university: "English 4-A. The Works of Shakespeare. Three hours a week. Pre-requisite, six months' active service with the A. E. F." I am glad that flash of humor got by the Golden Cooties who edited the book.

They—the Gold Cooties, the members of the Army Educational Corps sent over when hostilities ended to teach the A. E. F. in its spare hours—deserve a paragraph or so to themselves, and they shall have them. Even after the lapse of three years and a half the clear-cut picture presents itself of an elderly professor from the States attired in serge uniform and puttees, forage cap and belt, one arm full of books and the other full of salutes (in case anyone should mistake him for an officer)—the whole hurrying madly through groups of doughboys to make his barracks classroom door before his class should rise with a stirring "Let's go!" and declare a cut in accordance with the best college traditions.

It was the Golden Cooties, so known from their weird insignia, who gave to Beaune its remembered flavor of the true intelligentsia. The rest of us on the teaching staff—officer and buck alike—were the rank and file, ignorant of the lofty theories of pedagogy and knowing no better than to say, "Hell, here's the right answer," to a back-

witted mess sergeant mulling over his dry ration of Euclid. Good old Golden Cooties, the names of many of them are famous in the homeland today. I wonder if they remember when the Army sat at their feet and acquired wisdom. I know I've drawn a couple of kindly, scholarly epistles from the educator who was head of my department since I put away O. D.

Yea, verily, mes camarades, no one who ever was there will soon forget those weeks at Beaune nor, above all its week-ends. Those were adventure-some Saturdays and Sundays which at times ran on into Mondays and Tuesdays. Educational passes the college authorities called them—little slips of paper they gave you which allowed you as an instructor to be absent from college from your last class Saturday to your first on Monday for the purpose of study. They read for Lyon or Dijon or any other nearby point you cared to write in where there were cathedrals and libraries and attractive art galleries. So, if it was after pay day, you usually went to Paris on them.

(Continued on page 27)



"Gathered about the cozy café tables of Beaune we read and marked the final examination papers of our students"

your bars and chevrons at the door, gentlemen. We shall mark the papers on brains."

The college at large, I remember, after that episode thought we enlisted instructors were rather dizzy. Perhaps they were right. I know we ranged from long hairs to long horns, from full professors in big American universities to a Wyoming rancher who never did make out how he got in with us but, once in, wanted to stay. It was A. E. F. U.—he did. And he was our pride—the lowest-paid college professor in the world. Deducting allotment, W. R. I., and a permanent fine for going AWOL to the front while his division was stuck at a base, he drew the princely stipend of \$7.50 a month for conducting twelve classes a week. He always claimed he was worth it.

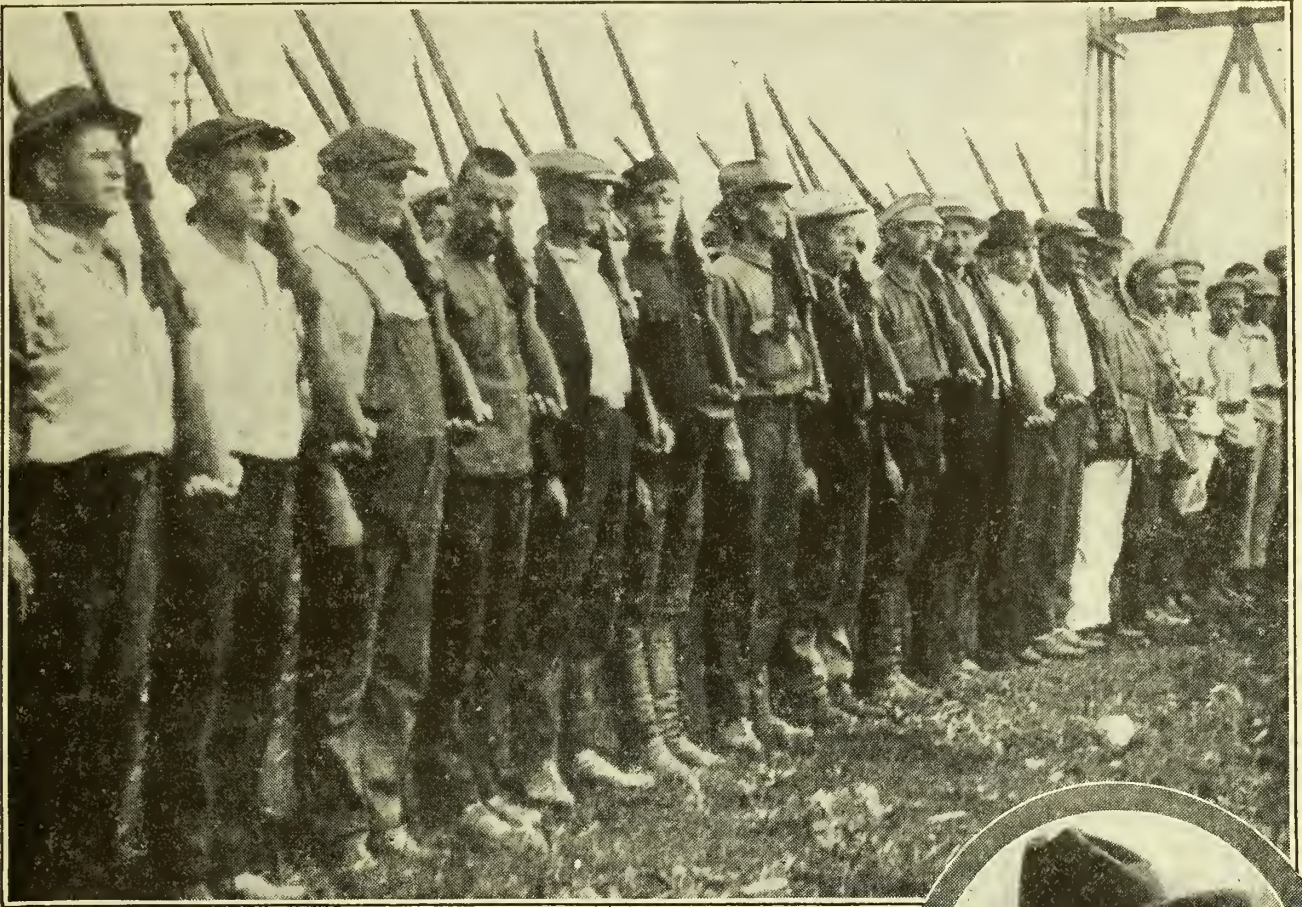
Personally, I think he was. In fact, I think it is quite possible all of us thirty to thirty-six dollar a month enlisted instructors earned our magnificent stipends. Dizzy we may have been, inclined to regard Beaune as a kind of glorified lower berth into which we had fallen, but just the same I don't recall

deny that they drew an honest measure of something more important than fun out of it.

Yet the side of life at dear old A. E. F. U. that sticks in the mind is decidedly the lighter. How the entire place chafed as the weeks went by and division after division sailed for the States, until the fever of unrest culminated in the students cheerfully taking over the section of seats "Reserved for Officers" at the university theater! The local M. P. company was turned out in force on that occasion and, I believe, the Beaune fire department to dislodge them and calm our classic halls.

And the address by Secretary of War Baker! It was a ringing speech delivered before the packed mass of the student body on the parade ground. It was received politely but inquiringly. Ships were sailing and A. E. F. U. remained. "So now," said the Secretary, our employer, as he closed, "is there anything you would like to ask?" and from a host of student throats arose the college yell of Beaune: "When—do—we—go—home?" It is a tribute to





© Underwood and Underwood

Big Bill Haywood, communist and hater of "capitalist" wars, devoting his spare time to drilling as a buck private in a Soviet military unit in Siberia. Haywood is toward the extreme right, distinguishable by his white trousers. Right, a close-up of Haywood as a Kuzbas colonist, clad in a Russian peasant's smock but still deigning to wear a felt hat of Yankee origin. News dispatches from Russia received since Mr. Maguire wrote his story report the utter collapse of Haywood's Kuzbas project so far as Haywood himself is concerned. Haywood has resigned as a director, and the Soviet government has announced that "an efficient engineer" will be put in charge



# Eight Thousand Miles Through Red Russia

IV.

The Back Door to Moscow

By

Edmund J. Maguire

[This is the fourth instalment of Mr. Maguire's story of his experiences as a Kuzbas colonist. Previous instalments described his journey to Russia, impressions of Petrograd, the trip to the coal and iron country in the Urals, and the early experiences of the group detailed to the great industrial center of Nadajenski Zavod, among whom was Mr. Maguire himself. It was not long before Mr. Maguire fell sick with a fever which many took to be typhus, because a short time before he had wired a building which had been used as a typhus hospital.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

IT was not typhus, after all, but a fever induced by bad food, a cold, and the nervous tension of the past few weeks. In two weeks I was out of bed and in a few days back at work on the gas engine. But physical labor proved impossible and, since I owned one of the two typewriters in Nadajenski Zavod, I was assigned to help the chief engineer, Von Hoffen, with some clerical work.

One of the first tasks was to make several copies of a new agreement between the Kuzbas and the Soviet government. There had been plenty of room for complaint as to the conduct

of the enterprise up to this time, but now I had concrete evidence of the duplicity of the men behind it.

Big Bill Haywood and his associates had no concession at all, as they claimed, but only the promise of a concession if they met certain conditions. Chief of these was that they must have on the ground at Nadajenski Zavod and Kemorovo five hundred colonists by October 1, 1922. It was then June, and there were a total of 190 colonists, with very little prospect that the five hundred could be recruited. There were to be 1,500 colonists by July 1, 1923, and these were to be skilled work-



ers and engineers. Almost none of those so far enlisted could measure up to these specifications, and Von Hoffen had even made the proposal that a number of engineers be obtained from the States at salaries of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

I learned also that Haywood was trying to float a loan of \$2,000,000 among Red sympathizers in the United States. Since the enterprise was to have been conducted without capital, this in itself was a confession of failure. Furthermore, even if the loan were secured, it would be but a drop in the bucket. It will take not two millions, but ten times two millions to put the iron works at Nadajenski Zavod in smooth running order.

### Colonists Who "Knew too Much"

THOSE of us already in the town had bound ourselves by contracts held valid by the Soviet government to work for two years without pay, with the promise of a large bonus at the end of that time. There was no provision in the agreement to take care of that obligation, and it appeared pretty certain to me that there would be no bonus.

The worst of it all was that no productive work was being done and none was in prospect. A few of the Americans were tinkering with the gas engine, and others were fixing up their shacks and cabins. There was no incentive to work, and so just as little work was done as would entitle us to the daily "pyok" of black bread and tea.

Finally one Sunday when Von Hoffen and his lieutenants had gone on a fishing trip, several of the first Americans to arrive came into town from the woods, where they were working as lumber jacks. One of them, Pete Goniff, a Bulgarian by birth and formerly a hotel chef in Buffalo, New York, told me that all of the first colonists had been "shipped to the woods" because they knew too much about the organization.

Goniff's story decided me. I sat down and wrote Von Hoffen a letter requesting transportation to Moscow. Here I intended to demand of Haywood that I be returned to the United States. Innocent that I was!

Von Hoffen utterly ignored the request. So a few days later I wrote another letter, this time stating plainly that I thought the whole proposition had been misrepresented, was mismanaged, was so far a failure with no chance of betterment.

At least I got action. Von Hoffen came to my room in a towering rage. He would make a typical movie bully—physically and mentally he fitted the role. For a time he could do nothing but splutter. Then he began cursing the "perfidy" of his colonists.

"There's underground work going on here!" he shouted.

"You bet there is," I said. "Plenty of it!"

"The sneaks!" he cried. "Why don't they come out and lay their cards on the table? Why don't they fight in the open?"

"I'm laying my cards on the table," I said.

Then he turned to pleading, and when I refused to reconsider my decision to leave he left with the admonition to "think it over." He left immediately on a surveying trip and came back two days later. He sent for

me at once. With him were two assistants. For three hours I underwent the third degree. It was plain from the first that they intended to wring from me some statement as a basis for charges on which I could be jailed as a counter-revolutionist. You may be sure my statements were guarded. For three hours Von Hoffen blustered, wheedled, threatened and coaxed in turn. He offered me any job I might choose if I would stay. But he saw finally that I was determined to leave.

"Well, Mac," he said, "the fact is that I can't pay your way to Moscow."

"Why?" I asked.

"We have no funds."

"All right, then," I said. "I'll walk!"

"Walk! Do you know it's two thousand miles to Moscow?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Come," he said, "let's compromise. The Kuzbas have no funds to send you to Moscow, but if you will give me a written statement to the effect that this letter is not your work, I'll pay your fare out of my own pocket."

"Is that final?" I asked.

"Yes."

"All right, then. Good-bye."

I walked out of the room. In my own room I found Collins, an electrical worker who had arrived from the States only a week before and an interpreter for two motion-picture men who were in the town making pictures for propaganda purposes in the States. My face must have betrayed my emotions, for Collins asked:

"What's the matter, Mac?"

"I'm going to leave," I said, "on the next train."

"That suits me," said Collins. "I'll go along."

"Fine," I said, and then, to the interpreter, "Got any money?"

"A little," he said.

"I'll sell you my typewriter and all my clothes and belongings for the price of a ticket to Moscow."

In the end I struck a bargain and sold everything to him for twenty dollars. Collins then spread out all his belongings on the bed. I called in some of the Russian workmen and we managed to get thirty million rubles (about eight dollars) for the stuff. Next morning word had spread that we were going to leave, and what was my surprise to see Goniff come in from the woods with all of his belongings to join us. He sold his outfit, worth about \$800, to the manager of the co-operative store for 277 million rubles.

### A Hard Place to Get Away From

BUT it takes more than a railroad ticket to travel in Russia. One must have police permission to go even from one town to the next, and you must exhibit a certificate of vaccination against typhus before a ticket will be issued. None of us had credentials of any kind, and of course when we asked the police for permission to leave the town Von Hoffen had been there first, and it was refused. To leave without police passes meant danger of arrest at every stop, but we decided to accept the risk.

One of the colonists—a good communist who was nevertheless in sympathy with our venture, agreed to help us get railroad tickets. He persuaded the ticket agent that we were three engineers leaving for a short inspection trip and therefore needed no police passes. But vaccination certificates

were demanded. I found in my pocket a letter from some New York firm. We showed this to the agent and told him we had been vaccinated in the United States and that this was our certificate. Of course he could not read it, but it looked official, so he issued tickets to Ekaterinburg, the capital of the Urals, about a hundred miles south of Nadajenski Zavod.

I had learned something of the discomforts of travel in Russian box cars on the trip from Petrograd; now I was to learn more. The cars in which the majority of the Russian people are accustomed to travel resemble our American box cars in external appearance, except that they are about half the size. Inside two tiers of wide shelves are arranged along the walls. The lucky ones lie at full length on the shelves, and by crowding six persons can be accommodated on each shelf. Another layer of humanity is deposited on the floor under the bottom shelf (there is not room to sit upright) and the late arrivals are jammed in the center floor space in a manner that would make an American street railway magnate green with envy.

### The Trip to Ekaterinburg

ON the twenty-four-hour trip to Ekaterinburg we were packed in with the others in the center of a car. Goniff had brought along a pack of clothes and we took turns sitting on that.

At Ekaterinburg, Goniff, who could speak Russian, managed to get tickets to Moscow. Again we used the business letter for a vaccination certificate and a letter of introduction given me in New York by the Kuzbas representatives in place of police passes.

The station at Ekaterinburg presented a sight similar to that at Perm. The station platform was literally so crowded with men, women and children sitting and lying down that you could not see the cement. The station itself was so jammed that we could scarcely squeeze inside, and the stench made it impossible to stay. In this hodge-podge of humanity we waited for the next train to Moscow for three days and nights, sleeping on the station platform and leaving in the daytime only to obtain food and drink. Trains do not run on schedule in Russia—they just happen along. We dared not leave the station for fear of missing the train.

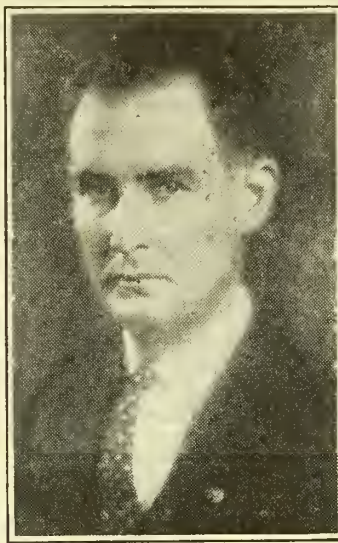
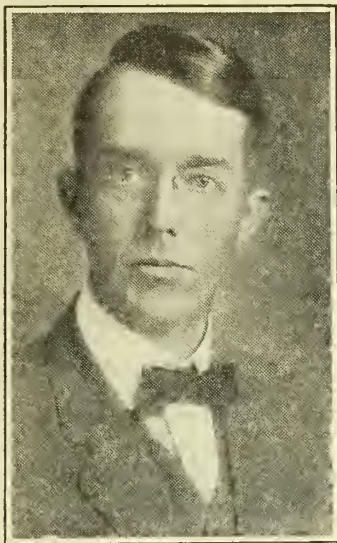
Ekaterinburg was like the other Russian towns, gray and uninteresting, excepting for its beautiful cathedral. But even the cathedrals now are silent and unused. The church is not recognized by the Soviet government, and if a priest would eat he must work at physical labor. The Russians are an intensely religious people, and under the Czar the priest was at once a father, a judge, and an executive to his simple-minded flock. Now that he must work at physical labor for enough black bread to sustain life he has neither time nor strength to carry on his religious duties.

One point of unusual interest in Ekaterinburg is a large wooden arch spanning one of the streets on which is crudely painted a scene representing the former Czar and his family being driven at the points of bayonets into one of the salt mines outside the city.

When the train finally arrived it was  
(Continued on page 28)



**GEORGE RUSSELL WILBUR**, the Oregon Legion's chief, is another example of the men of nineteenth century wars who are still active in veteran circles. Born and reared in Nebraska, he finished his legal studies at the University of Michigan after having served as a buck private in Company M, Second Nebraska Volunteer Infantry, during the Spanish-American War. He practiced law in Oregon, joined the Oregon Coast Artillery, National Guard, in 1916, and was called into Federal service in 1917 as captain, 12th company, Oregon Coast Artillery. He served at five coast forts and on Armistice Day was captain of E Battery, 38th Artillery, C.A.C., at Camp Stewart, Virginia, awaiting embarkation. He was a member of the Oregon department executive committee of the Legion in 1919, 1920 and 1921, and at the department convention in 1922 was elected department commander. In 1922 he was a member of the Legion's National Oriental Committee which investigated the Japanese problem.



**JEROME E. WIDEMAN** will next month become a past department commander, because the Department of Florida has a way of electing a new commander every March. But Wideman will retire knowing that in his year of leadership Florida has sprouted six Legionnaires where only five grew before. And he will know that Florida has a strong and active service department for all World War veterans. Commander Wideman himself started out by going to public school. Then he went to Stetson University. Then he became a lawyer. Then he became solicitor for Palm Beach County. Then he became county judge. Then he became involved in an argument with Germany and became a rookie in an officers' training school, from which he emerged a second lieutenant and was assigned to the 24th Infantry. Before the war ended he was a first lieutenant, and after the war he was commissioned a captain of the reserve. Also he organized Palm Beach Post of The American Legion and has been its commander.

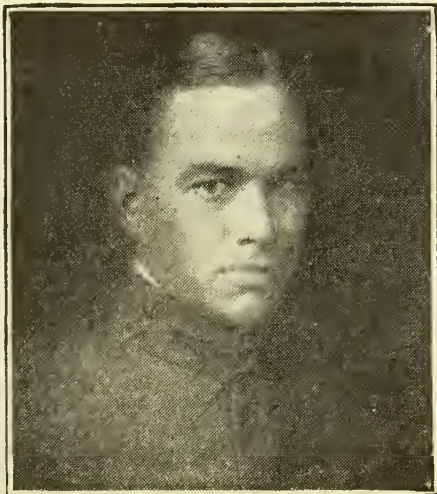
## Who's Who *among* Department Commanders



**ALAN BRUCE CONLIN**, New Jersey's commander, a New Yorker by birth, earned his gold bars back in July, 1917, at the second O.T.C. at Fort Myer, Virginia. After serving at Camp Stanley, Texas, as instructor at the third O.T.C., he sailed for France in July, 1918, and was assigned to the 357th Infantry, 90th Division. He was at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne and was twice wounded. After a year in government hospitals, Conlin returned to Columbia Law School as a vocational student and organized the Come-Back Club. He organized Martin-Walbert Post of Westfield, New Jersey, and served as its commander, and has held various department offices.



**G. S. RIDLEY, Jr.**, became the choice of the Department of Tennessee for its 1923 commander after he had shown his Legion qualifications by three years' service on the department executive committee. Loyal to Tennessee, the State of his birth, Ridley entered Vanderbilt University, where he drew down an LL.B. The war interrupted his law practice. With a commission as first lieutenant won at the O.T.C. at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, he was assigned to the 76th Field Artillery, Third Division. He helped to hold back the Germans in their last drive for Paris and participated in the Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. He commanded C Battery of the 76th in the last drive and until May, 1919, was with the Army of Occupation. He resumed his law practice in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, after the war and organized Bob Brown Post there.



**GERALD V. BARRON**, chief of the Gopher Gang, was the unanimous choice of the 1922 department convention in Minnesota. He is a native son, and worked his way through school and college until he qualified as an attorney. He served overseas with Company I, 349th Infantry, 88th Division, in the Center Sector, Haute-Alsace, and was in support for the attack on Metz, which was prevented by the Armistice. He left the service with rank of first lieutenant, and resumed law practice in Cloquett, Minnesota, handling most of the veterans' claims in Carlton County without cost to them. He served Cloquett Post as adjutant, welfare officer and commander, was elected chairman of the Carlton County Organization of the Legion, and was a member of the department executive committee. There are two young Barrons eligible for the eventual "Sons of the Legion."



# EDITORIAL



*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## The Right Idea

**B**USINESS, we think we like to believe, is cold-blooded, hard-boiled, devoid of sentiment. Yet one of the strongest dollars-and-cents assets a man or a corporation or a government can have is good will, and good will is sentiment pure and simple.

Great Britain has agreed to a settlement of her war debt to us on a strictly business basis. The terms are as specific, clear-cut and unemotional as the terms of an ordinary mortgage or personal note. Yet with a good part of the world still in that topsy-turvy condition in which the Armistice left it, with Germany still seeking to evade the terms of the treaty which she signed, with Turkish delegates returning home from an abortive conference at Lausanne, with Russia still in turmoil and Italy trying to convalesce from the effects of a serious internal crisis, Britain's action clears the turgid air of international politics like a clean wind.

England did not have a much happier time during the war than did France. She was not invaded save by air, and many Americans who thought Sherman's definition came from the fact that once upon a time he had to go without sugar in his coffee, have been inclined to discount her sufferings. She was not invaded—unless we count the gaunt specter of hunger that kept her women and children on a pitiable ration while civilian France fared decently well, or that other and grimmer invader that walked among her young men and claimed seven hundred thousand of them. There is not an American who could reasonably complain if Britain had asked for grace, if she had indicated the inevitable comparison between her own post-war problems and our own relatively petty reconstruction concerns. She chose not to. She means to pay what she owes, and she has decided on a businesslike method of paying it.

There has been much newspaper joshing since 1920 on just what Mr. Harding meant by normalcy. Britain, in an abnormal time, has provided humanity with the finest possible example of it.

## The Immigration Compromise

**I**NTELLIGENT citizens are beginning to realize that immigration, desirable though it unquestionably is at certain times, may be fraught with dangers at others. They are learning that even the three percent law, which limits the number of newcomers each year to 358,932, is entirely too liberal—today.

The House Committee on Immigration recently approved a bill designed to limit still further the influx of foreigners. Under the terms of this bill we could accept in one year from any one nation only four hundred immigrants plus two percent of the number of emigrants from that country who, according to the census, had become American citizens by 1890. Should the bill become law, it will mean that henceforth the number of aliens who may be admitted annually will be reduced to 168,837.

This looks at first glance like a step in the right direc-

tion, but it is the wrong kind of step. It is a compromise and a palliative. What we need, what the Legion is urging, is a no percent law—absolute exclusion. It would be better for the nation, better for the immigrant himself—the three percent law has worked much greater hardship on the immigrant than would utter exclusion, and a two percent law would make his lot even harder, for just as many foreigners would look hopefully to America, and only two-thirds as many would be able to get in.

The Legion views the problem dispassionately. It believes that immigration should be stopped absolutely and not resumed until we are actually in need of new citizens and can assimilate them properly. Of course those gentlemen who, for various selfish reasons, favor unrestricted immigration are dying hard. Concerning their activities the Weekly has received hundreds of letters, among them one from Congressman Joseph D. Beck of Wisconsin, a member of the House Committee on Labor. Says Mr. Beck:

The same organizations who are now urging letting down the bars in our immigration laws were most vociferous in their demands for the passage of the Fordney Tariff Law, basing their argument on the claim that it was necessary in order to protect American labor from the pauper labor of Europe. These organizations are now equally vociferous in demanding that this pauper labor be brought over here to compete with our American labor.

The organizations to which Mr. Beck refers are powerful. What is more, they are wholly selfish. We must not be misled by their plausible misrepresentations. We must protect our country.

## Still in Uniform

**O**NE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN young men in Uncle Sam's olive drab marched into an assembly hall at Camp Benjamin Harrison several weeks ago, listened to the reading of the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion, and then and there formed themselves into the Eleventh Infantry Post of the Legion. At this moment that post happens to belong to the Department of Indiana, but it is conceivable that some time it may find itself in Kansas or the Philippines—the War Department has a habit of moving our infantry regiments around now and then.

The Legion may congratulate itself that the honored name of the Eleventh Infantry, lustrous with the record of duty fully and gallantly performed in all our wars, henceforth shall add to the strength and prestige of the Legion wherever the regiment shall be. And each and every one of the one hundred and fifteen newest members of the Legion knows that the Legion welcomes him warmly into our world-wide comradeship. For some of them there will come a time when, stepping from the close-bound ranks of their post comrades, they will find themselves in the cities or towns where they were born or reared, or in new surroundings. A number of the newest members are approaching retirement. Wherever they go, after obtaining their discharges from Uncle Sam, there will be a welcoming post of the Legion.

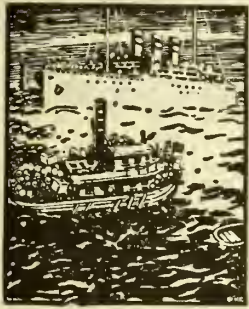
The joining-up of the Eleventh recalls that the Legion has repeatedly gone on record for the laws and policies which shall insure not only an adequate and efficient Army but also an Army which offers most to those who compose it. Just and liberal retirement privileges have always had the Legion's support. And as a reminder of what such privileges mean, it should be emphasized that the man who retires after spending most of his productive years in Uncle Sam's service finds himself assured of an annual income which, capitalized, represents an amount vastly larger than most men are able to accumulate by a lifetime's savings. With the old-timers of the Army, service corresponds to an endowment insurance policy which matures on their discharge and is payable in annual instalments large enough to free them thereafter from ordinary financial cares. Even for the young-timers, the men serving but their first enlistment term, the Army of today offers ever-widening opportunities.

The percentage of World War veterans in the Army will be large for years to come. With most of these men members of the Legion, the Legion will most certainly continue to be what it has always considered itself—the Army's closest friend.



# More Greatest War Thrills

## His Came Late



**T**O get a thrill, as defined by Mr. Webster, is to experience a keen emotion. That being the case, I can remember distinctly the greatest thrill I had in my whole army career, both here and over

there. And it all happened right here—in New York's front yard—two days before I received my discharge. But that's a little ahead of the tale.

I failed to register an emotion when passing out of the harbor, Europe bound. Same stuff when we slipped into tight little England, even though it was a brand new experience. No surge of emotion when we skidded across the old Channel and spied Le Havre. And at last France—three a. m. one misty morning. Little more than a blasé interest when the Eiffel Tower, framed by the door of a forty hommes, eight chevaux, hove in sight. For it all seemed a natural sequence of events in those hectic days.

Up to the front on a billeting detail to locate our pup-tent bungalows in the woods from a dinky little map—the roar of cannon and the flashes along a low dark cloud-curtain toward dusk—but still no animated thrill to ripple up and down my spine. Further along, and the first whizz bang I ever saw tossed the earth of France skyward a

*Get any spine shivers between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, or even later? Tell the Thrill Editor about your biggest in as few words as possible—300 at most. Unavailable letters cannot be returned.*

short distance away—and the thrill was still lacking. I was scared, not thrilled. Airplane fights, marching troops going into battle, news of the Armistice, homeward bound, and all the real thrills absent.

Old New Jersey coastline heaving into sight and my heart warms up. Then up the bay and past old Liberty again. Then and right then and there I got the real thrill in my whole army career, and not from the much bronzed old lady in the flowing skirts. Here comes a committee boat loaded to the top with our own home folks. Bands playing, handmade signs reading, "Oh You Ed McCarthy," "Where Are the Jersey Boys?" "We Are Looking for Al" and sundry others—dozens of our own famous Yankee Pride brand of good-looking girls—and then I knew that we were back home again where we were known.

I can't describe the thrill, but it sure was there as big as the whale that swallowed Jonah. My spine shivered—bits of tears for the full joy of it—and then a flood of them. I crept back to the poop, I think the gobs call it, sat down and just cried like a baby for the wonder of it, and wasn't one little bit ashamed.

That was my thrill, and a peach it was, I'll say.—Ed. M. COBB, *Newark (Ohio) Post*.

## When They Used Real Bombs



**I**T was the third day of an intensive three-day course in bomb work on this side of the ocean. I was one of the non-coms. It was my duty to see that the men actually followed out the directions.

The first day we had learned how to throw dummies. The next day we were taught how to make missiles out of tomato cans and T. N. T. The last day there was no mad scrambling for first place in the trench. We were going to use the real thing.

For a time all went smoothly. Of course, some of the bombs had failed to explode owing to the haste of the "safety first" boys to get them out of sight before they went off. I began to congratulate myself. We weren't going to have any casualties. Fine!

At length the very last batch of initiates came filing in and took their places in the trench.

"One!" Every man got his bomb ready.

"Two!" The springs were released.

"Three!" Back went every arm, and everybody was ready to throw. Then, as we waited, every muscle and nerve tense, there was a sharp, terrifying explosion. It came from the boyau next to mine. Everybody stood petrified.

(Continued on page 25)

## "Splendid Columns of Forest Green, Each a Thousand Strong"

*The Weekly asked former division commanders to contribute to the Thrill Department, and prints this week the reply of one of the old C.G.'s of the Second Division*

**M**OMENTS of crisis hurry by without notice, and it is only in after years that one can point to a half-hour on a crowded day and say that it was one of the high lights of a lifetime.

At noon on June 1, 1918, the Marine Brigade was at the village of Montreuil-aux-Lions. General Dégoutte, now commanding the Ruhr, whose corps was northwest of Château-Thierry, felt the situation to be so grave that he ordered the Ninth Infantry, which was ahead of us, to go into action south of the Paris-Metz highway, and sent orders to General Bundy to extend to the left of the Ninth, across the highway from Le Thiolet through Lucy-le-Bocage toward Hill 142. I was directed to send a regiment and ordered the Sixth Marines and the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion. Two battalions marched and the other went forward in trucks, leaving them between Ferme de Paris and Le Thiolet.

We were all pretty well keyed up by the sound of the guns and by the fact that we were now going into open war with an enemy encouraged by unbroken success since the day he had pushed through between Rheims and Soissons. We had seen the stream of refugees pouring through Meaux the night before, and knew we were at or near the apex of the German

push toward Paris. If we held them the Allied world would rejoice—if we failed, that world might mourn a lost cause. I was an untired brigadier; the brigade was in my proud belief without a superior, but it was also unproved except in trench warfare.

When I returned to the highway after reporting to the French commander in Lucy I found the men leaving the trucks and obliqueing forward in squad columns across the fields. Some hundreds of yards west of Ferme de Paris the other two battalions were coming, splendid columns of forest green, each a thousand strong. The machine guns were going into position near the crest of the ridge.

Our orders were to hold the line "at all hazard." An hour later the Germans, so emboldened by the events of the last four days that they were careless, came out into an open space toward a ravine in their favorite tactics of infiltration. The machine guns of the Sixth caught them in column.

What I felt that afternoon may not be the kind of thrill the Weekly has in mind, but it will linger in my memory until life's latest hour.—J. G. HARBORD, *Major General, retired (former C.G., Fourth Brigade; C.G., Second Division, and C.G., S. O. S., A. E. F.), New York City*.



# Tit for Tat—Revenge Is Sweet

By Wallgren

**OUR LOT IN THE A.E.F. MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LOT SWEETER IF WE COULD ONLY HAVE FORETOLD THE FUTURE.**

**CAPT. JINKS WOULD HAVE BEEN A WHOLE LOT LESS SEVERE WITH CORPORAL WHOOSIS IN THIS INSTANCE-**

**TOP SGT. RUFFNUFF MIGHT HAVE USED A LITTLE DISCRETION IN PLACING PVT. RHEUM ON THE K.P. LIST SO FREQUENTLY-**

**LT. GOLDSTRIPES, U.S.N.R. MIGHT HAVE TREATED GOB BLACKGANG WITH A LITTLE MORE KINDNESS AND CONSIDERATION -**

**SUPPLY SGT. Q.M. MISFIT WOULD HAVE TRIED TO GIVE PVT. STITCH A BETTER FIT WHEN HE ISSUED UNIFORMS, ETC. -**

**TOP SGT. DRIVER WOULD HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLY MORE LENIENT WITH HIS COMPANY CLERK -**

**CORP'L. SCOWL OF THE PARIS M.P. WOULD HAVE USED A LITTLE MORE DIPLOMACY ABOUT SEEING PVT. A. WOLS 'PASS -**



# Keeping Step With the Legion



## Hints from High UP

IN a recent letter to department adjutants and commanders National Adjutant Lemuel Bolles made two statements which we hereby pass on:

1. Every post should bond such of its post officials as may handle post funds.

2. Posts should be extremely wary about soliciting funds, selling tickets or carrying on other similar activities outside their own localities. Lists of posts in other departments can be furnished only by correspondence through your own department headquarters.

## On Lectures

DO people like to be lectured? Are people willing to be lectured? Yes and no.

Thus answer our readers—at least that's what they answered when we questioned them on this page regarding experiences in putting on lecture courses in their towns. Post adjutants, post commanders, buck privates and apprentice gobs wrote us, and, added up, their letters pro and con break just about even. Most of them just said briefly, "Lecture courses are a good thing," or said just as briefly, "Lecture courses are the bunk."

You can read and form your own opinion. Or perhaps you can lend some more light to the argument—the forum is still open and the Stepkeeper would like to publish your post's experience if it lends a new angle to the discussion. Herewith is the affirmative, contributed by Charles P. Muhe of Williamson (New York) Post:

Entertainment courses such as are offered by lyceum bureaus have been the means of helping the finances of our post. Not only that, but their use has made the people of the community realize that the Legion is offering them an uplift in ideals.

Courses can be arranged to please everyone. Some prefer lectures, some music and readings. We have found that a program including all of these items is the best money-maker. Two lectures and two musicales make a well-balanced program. The best talent should always be provided. A slight loss on one number will be made up on the following, and while cheap talent may go over one year, it does not pay if the post intends arranging a course the following season.

In our town, with a little over three thousand residents, we have found that a series of four programs spread over a three months' period is the most successful. Tickets for individual programs or for the entire course were sold by post members in a complete canvass of the town.

This assured the success of the first course under the auspices of our post.

To prepare the way for the next year, we had pledge cards printed and asked the people to sign up for the number of tickets they would buy for the course following. The course is now a permanent institution in our town.

A complete evening's program can be secured for about one hundred dollars. We sold tickets for fifty cents for single programs, or one dollar and twenty-five cents for the entire course of four programs.

And here is the negative, contributed by Department Historian William C. Mundt of Fairbury, Illinois:

In the first place, if any post does consider putting on a lecture course don't for Pete's sake call it that—not a "lecture course," or a "lyceum course"—and if possible, don't get a lecturer at all unless he's some well-known man, like Governor Allen of Kansas, Justice Taft or William Jennings Bryan. We had a five-number course of mighty good talent, but I guess the name "lecture" hurt us worse than anything else.

We did, however, create a precedent by having the numbers of our course in the only large opera house in town, which, by the way, is the only movie house, and therefore we have no conflicts with movies. There was quite a bit of added expense to this course; the rent was rather high and we did not have the support of our own membership so much as we should like. Then two of the five nights were rainy. The course being a high-grade one, we really did well with a deficit of only \$21. All the singing and musical numbers went over big, and I would suggest a four-number musical course rather than a lecture course if any one is considering a series.

## How Many Members Will Your Post Send to San Francisco?

And how do they expect to get there? Last year they went to New Orleans in buggies, automobiles, airplanes, ships and afoot (not to mention fifty thousand or so that traveled conservatively in trains). The Fifth National Convention at San Francisco next October promises to be just as big a party. If your post has one or more good ideas for getting there in numbers, or if any member of your post has a good idea for getting there, why not pass that idea on? The Step Keeper, care of the Weekly, will do his best to help pass it.

## On to the Golden Gate

THE center of population of the United States is somewhere in southwestern Indiana. Probably the center of Legion population is nearby. San Francisco is a couple of thousand miles or more from the center of population. Which leads to the logical conclusion that it is a hard job to take fifty or a hundred thousand people from all over the country and set them down in San Francisco. But the Legion has started work on the job. The Step Keeper every day is getting letters telling about plans of posts from Maine to Florida to Washington to California itself—plans having to do with getting to San Francisco for the Fifth National Convention of The American Legion next October.

Legionnaires are going on foot, on horseback, by train and automobile, by airplane and ship. The railroad fare will be half-rate at the most, and perhaps a cent a mile. They are planning to take the greatest advantage of the easy terms. They are planning (if agreements can be made with the railroads, and it is practically certain that such agreements can be made) to go to San Francisco by one route and return by another. They are getting itineraries and such things down by heart. They are establishing "On to San Francisco" clubs. They are establishing saving clubs in which individuals put so much a week until next fall finds a sufficient total for the trip for each. They are staging shows and dances to raise money to take whole posts.

We mention all these things for two reasons. The first reason is that we thought it might interest you. The second—and frankly, this is to us the most important—is to find out what *your post* may be doing to get representation at the convention. Tell the Step Keeper.

## Who Won the War?

PLEASE don't debate this question with the Step Keeper—he's as nearly neutral as a former sailor could be—but just regard it as an idea thrown out by Webster Groves Memorial Post of St. Louis. The post says it decided on debating as a splendid phase of post activity. And in choosing a subject for debate, it finally found one that interested the members immensely. This was it:

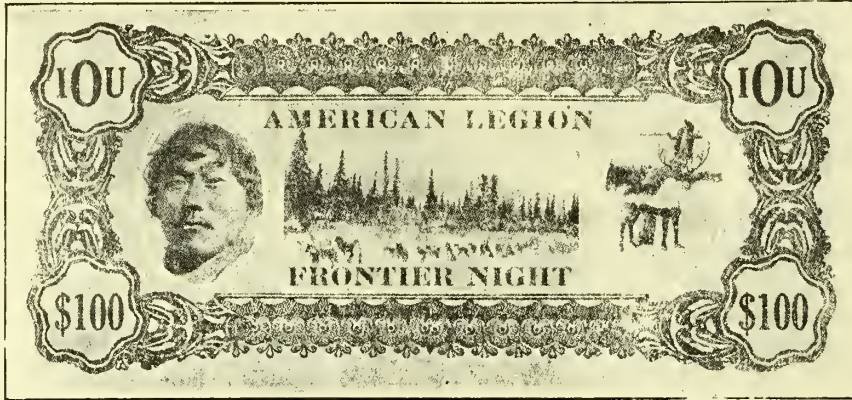
"Resolved, that the Navy won the war."

We absolutely refuse to reply to anybody who asks who won the debate. As we said, we're transmitting the idea only—not news.



# These Naughty Boys Issued Phoney Money

THOMAS ALFRED ROSS, JR., Legion Post of Nome, Alaska, has recently had printed for its use spurious money to the face value of \$1,950,000. Moreover, in its conspiracy the post was aided and abetted by National Adjutant Lemuel Bolles and by National Headquarters of The American Legion. "If this be treason, make the most of it."



One hundred dollars—but just try to spend it outside of Nome

The explanation of this apparently gigantic fraud against the United States Government lies in the fact that Thomas Alfred Ross, Jr., Post wanted the fake money for use in the annual Frontier Night celebration. When the post had difficulty in finding a printer in Alaska equipped to handle the job, an appeal for help was sent to Legion National Headquarters at Indianapolis. Connections were made with a printer and the phoney money was rushed through to Seattle in time to catch the last mail of the season.

The smallest denomination of the fake bills is one hundred dollars and they run as high as a thousand dol-

lars. In Alaska during the time of the gold rush anything less than a hundred dollars was regarded as mere chicken feed. The bills bear on the front the legend, "American Legion Frontier Night," together with pictures of an Eskimo, of a team of huskies pulling a sledge, and of a reindeer.

Frontier Night has been an annual affair at Nome for a number of years. Since the Legion first took charge of it three years ago it has become, according to Post Adjutant Frank Dufresne, "the most popular evening of the whole social season." Incidentally it has proved decidedly profitable to the treasury of Thomas Alfred Ross, Jr., Post. It

oldtime prospectors. Poker, faro, black jack and all the other mental recreations of the sourdough run full blast. Thousands of dollars (printed in three colors but of no value) change hands on the turn of a card. The play is in the hands of old-time dealers.

Thomas Alfred Ross, Jr., Post has firmly established the reputation of The American Legion in Nome and the vicinity. Post Adjutant Dufresne in a letter to National Headquarters reported, "We of the far north are red-hot Legionnaires and in spite of difficulties have made our organization a family word for honor and good things in this section."

is a reproduction of the wild days of 1899 "as near as modern laws and the Eighteenth Amendment will allow." The affair is widely advertised throughout the northwestern part of Alaska Territory and attracts many old sourdoughs and pioneers from distant creeks and camps.

The fake money is used in gambling, the chief spare-time activity of the

## Spending Their State Compensation on Others

TWENTY-SIX Illinois Legionnaires, prominent in national and state public affairs or business life, have formed the Illinois Veterans Trust as an agency by which Illinois service men receiving payments of adjusted compensation from their State may assign these payments primarily for the benefit of those service men and their families who are in need of special assistance.

The twenty-six men who have subscribed to a trust agreement will act as trustees of the fund, while the Chicago Title and Trust Company, named as

depository trustee, will have charge of its actual administration. Provision is made for the continuance of the fund twenty years beyond the life of the last surviving member of the present board of trustees.

The agreement drawn up also provides that the Illinois Veterans Trust shall also receive any payments assigned it by men receiving payment of adjusted compensation from the Federal Government in the event Congress passes the Adjusted Compensation Bill.

The purposes for which money assigned to the trust fund are to be used

are defined in the agreement, which adds:

If and when in the opinion of the trustees all of said income shall not be needed for such purpose [to care for veterans or their families] the trustees may expend so much thereof as is not needed for such purpose in teaching to the young men and women of Illinois the principles and history of American government and institutions.

Neither the trustees nor the trust company shall receive pay for services.

## "By Our Devotion to Mutual Helpfulness"

HIGH sounding tenets or principles of some organizations, like campaign promises, are too often mere empty phrases. But Lester D. Hamil Post of Tonganoxie, Kansas, has effectively demonstrated the meaning of the last phrase of the Preamble to The American Legion's Constitution.

In a small farming community like Tonganoxie, work sort of lets down during the winter which is something of a time for relaxation and recreation. The approach of Christmas found the men of Hamil Post preparing for their usual big holiday Legion party. And then they got word of a death in the family of one of their members who lived on a nearby farm, and of the financial and other difficulties that followed. The proposed party lost its kick, and the idea grew among the men that they could spend their party time

more profitably by helping out the fellow who needed help.

At an hour appointed by the post commander, every last member of the post was on hand, with horses, wagons, a power saw and other required implements. The cornhuskers were detailed to the cornfield, the woodchoppers to the timber, the mechanics to the saw, and those without special qualifications manned the wagons. By evening the last ear of corn was in the crib, a monumental pile of stove-length wood had made its appearance, everybody had had a good time, no one had been overworked, and the out-of-luck comrade and his family were all set for the winter.

Even the Auxiliary had a hand in the project. The women appeared at noon with plenty of chow and hot coffee for the volunteer workmen.



The wood detail in action



# Histories in the Making

By Harry S. Ruth

Historian, Department of Wisconsin

**A**S historian of Roy Kelly Post of Ashland, Wisconsin, I prepared an outline for a model post history which was presented at the meeting of Legion historians during the New Orleans convention and later mentioned with approval in *The American Legion Weekly*. Having been swamped with requests for copies of the outline, in self-defense I have had to prepare this re-statement of the dope contained in the outline, with the hope that post historians will find it helpful in making their jobs count for something.

First of all, make up your mind that the job is a sizable one and that even though you only make a beginning on the work to be done you will have accomplished a good deal. The important thing is to get all the information you can right now. Much of it will be a lot harder to dig up five or ten years from now. Items that are easy to get hold of in present years to come will be rarities of great historical value.

The second point I want to emphasize is that all the historical material collected should be kept in a safe place. My suggestion is that you get a good-sized chest with a substantial lock. Put into the chest everything you get that might possibly be of use now or in the future. See that the minutes of your post are bound every year or two and put under lock and key. Try to secure a fire-proof room or vault for the storage of all valuable war material, souvenirs, records, war-time posters, and the like.

Besides gathering material for the post history, a Legion historian can be of great service in other ways. For instance, you can see that every ex-service man and woman registers his or her discharge in the office of the county clerk or registrar of deeds so that a true copy will always be available. If the State has not provided for the registration of discharges, stir up the state and local Legion organizations and have it done.

Get your local officials to employ a surveyor to chart the cemeteries and mark the plots of all veterans of every war and keep the charts on file in the court house. Order grave markers from the Quartermaster's Department for the graves of all veterans of all wars. See that every veteran's grave is properly marked with a symbol of the war in which he served, especially with a Legion marker on every grave of a veteran of the World War.

If the post is located at the county seat make an effort to develop a county war history and so include small towns which might not be in a position to prepare their own histories.

Now as to the post history, this had best be kept in a large loose-leaf book. In this way data can be gradually accumulated over a period of years so that when the time (also the money) comes to publish the history, it will be nearly ready for the printer. The material to be gathered falls under four

major heads: The war in general, the records of local men and women in service, local civilian activities during the war, and the special history of The American Legion post.

Among the data on the war in general that may be collected is the following:

1. President Wilson's war address, the declaration of war and other official documents.
2. Summary of war events by dates.
3. Statistics; United States war strength, casualties, etc.
4. List of army and navy camps throughout the United States.
5. List of transports used during the war.
6. Newspaper clippings describing outstanding events of the war.
7. Official photographs from the Signal Corps, U. S. A., and the Bureau of Navigation, U. S. N.
8. Divisional and other insignia of Army and Navy in colors.

The most interesting and most important part of the post history, and at the same time the part requiring the most painstaking work, will be the individual records of local men and women who served during the war.

## GO BLIND FOR FIVE MINUTES

**S**HUT your eyes tight for a little while. Your other senses come into play. You feel a cold air drifting in and rise to close a window. You stumble into the furniture and grope about with your hands. The window is higher up than you thought, and when you reach for it your hand finds nothing. You stagger and almost fall. You start back, and for a moment you feel the darkness all about you, with all its possibilities for harm. Your eyes start open, and you draw in your breath sharply on becoming aware again of the sunlight and all the familiar objects about you. Suddenly you have been made aware of the blessing of your eyesight.

This is the message embodied in *The American Legion photoplay*, "The Man Without a Country." We take too much for granted in our appreciation of America. We forget how very greatly the ordering of our whole lives is based on the underlying fact that this country has given us birth. Our security, our progress, our circle of friendships, the very establishment of our homes, all that makes life worthy and promising is based on the establishment of our country with its laws and its great traditions. The concept of our country is the daylight of the soul. Like the light of the sun, it is given us all so freely that sometimes we forget.

The picture which *The American Legion* is presenting is the story of a man who shut his eyes to that daylight and forswore his country. It is well worth seeing. It is now being distributed through *The American Legion's National Film Service*, Indianapolis, Ind., to which inquiries should be addressed.

Much of the information can best be obtained from the discharges. Here are some suggestions:

1. Recruiting officers' figures for local volunteer enlistments in Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.
2. Local draft registration, percentage of foreign-born, nationalities represented, number inducted, etc.
3. Local residents enlisted with Canadians, Polish Legion, French Ambulance Service, etc. Biographies.
4. Army nurses from community Biographies.
5. List of residents who served with Y. M. C. A., K. of C., Red Cross, Jewish Welfare, and other auxiliary organizations.
6. "First" to enlist, to be wounded, to be cited, to die, etc.
7. Odd and interesting facts: Youngest and oldest men in service, dollar-a-year men, etc.
8. Citations and decorations.
9. Accurate list of every man and woman who served in any branch of the military service.
10. Detailed war biographies of all Legion members.
11. History of local militia or other units exclusively or largely locally recruited.
12. Local war dead! Names, addresses, next of kin, biographies, circumstances of death.
13. Veterans buried in local cemeteries. Plot numbers and graves.

The story of the community's activities during the war constitutes an important part of a complete local history. The bulk of this information can best be obtained from files of the local newspapers. Indeed, if possible secure a complete file of the wartime issues of your local paper for the post archives. Among the data to be included in the record of community war activities are the following:

1. War history of locality, including clippings or quotations from local papers from April 1, 1917, to June 1, 1919.
2. Chairmen and committees of various war work organizations: Red Cross, Liberty Bond committees, council of defense, home guard, draft board, motor corps, etc., also reports of activities.
3. Total subscriptions to Liberty Bonds and to other war fund campaigns.
4. Sketches of citizens prominent during war.
5. List of all local veteran organizations, including those of previous wars.

The post history, to be of real and lasting value, must adequately cover the war and the participation in it of local citizens, but it must not minimize the detailed history of *The American Legion* post. This should include such material as:

1. Account of first organization of post.
2. Summary of minutes of post meetings, including all important resolutions.
3. Lists of post officers.
4. Paid-up membership of post from year to year.
5. Local post members holding state or national Legion offices.

(Continued on page 26)



# BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

## Walter Camp à la Coué

Mrs. Slim: "I am surprised that the Daily Dozen hasn't helped you any."

Mrs. Notsoslim: It's a fraud! Why, do you know that John has been playing those records for me every morning for a month before I get up and I haven't lost an ounce yet!"

## Not Mere Curiosity

The lean-jawed passenger had boarded a Boston-bound train off in the wilds of New England, had transferred at Boston and was now in the smoker of a New York express.

"How d'ye do?" he approached the man sitting beside him. "Now what might your name be? An' do ye live in this State or beyond?"

"I'd like to know what business that is of yours," retorted the other angrily.

"Well, now, strictly speakin', I reckon 'tain't," replied the rustic mildly. "But I got a cousin up Canady way that I never seen, an' I figgered some day I might run across him by askin' folks their name and so on."

## Barks from a Pup Tent

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it's the roving company that gathers the blisters.

Don't pull your rank on him, K. P. You were only a private yourself, once.

Fatigue duty is happily named.

"Dismissed" is the Army equivalent of "Enclosed find check."

No corporal is a hero to his own squad.

Drilling is like going to a show a second time. You already know what it's all about. A buck in the ranks is worth two in the hoosegow.

Reveille: The greatest argument in favor of civilian life.

Advice to young boys: Don't ask dad why they call it "Sunny France."

In France, it's a case of "Say it with showers."

Croix de Guerre: There was one born every minute.

Top sergeants should be seen and not heard.

## Easy for Maine

North: "Maine has been dry for many, many years."

West: "And why not? It's almost totally surrounded by Canada."

## The Modern Marriage

"Why did Jack marry Beryl?"

"Well, they were engaged for two years and he got tired of seeing her every day."

## The Single Idea

The Hostess (sweetly): "Two lumps?"

The Guest (absentmindedly): "Why, I'd like to have two tons, but if that's the best you can do—"

## Compensation

The silver lining to our cloud

Is very nearly showing through it.

Our bin is innocent of coal,

But such a dandy place to brew it!



## TRAINED NURSES

Little Willie's idea of their training

## The Complete Answer?

Bounder: "What do you tell your wife when you've been out late? Everything?"

Rounder: "No—anything."

## If Kisses Counted

"Oh, goodness!" cried Miss Sweete, turning to gaze despairingly at the polling booth she had just left. "I just know my vote is going to be thrown out."

"What makes you think that?" asked her friend.

"Why, I voted for George for road supervisor, and forgot and put a whole string of X's after his name."

## Reaction

There was a little man  
And he had a little jug  
And he filled it full of raisins, high, high,  
high,  
And he said to all his friends:  
"When this simple process ends,  
I shall be the proud possessor of some rye,  
rye, rye."

So he left it for a week,  
And when next he took a peek  
The contents rose and hit him in the eye,  
eye, eye.

Then he promptly took to bed  
With a bandage on his head,  
And now he's quite contented to be dry,  
dry, dry.

## One on the Sarge

An American sergeant in Germany learned that the little town in which he was located had once been the home of Martin Luther. Desiring more information, he asked a German-speaking doughboy to get the facts from some of the residents.

A day or so later the doughboy, writhing in merriment, went to see him.

"By gosh, that's one on you, sarge," he chortled. "That guy Luther you've been asking about? Say, that baby's been dead three hundred years."

## That Could Be Called a Hand

Mrs. Crabbmoore: "Why are you home so late?"

Mr. Crabbmoore: "I played a hand of poker at the club, dearest."

Mrs. C.: "A hand? You've been gone more than six hours."

C.: "Well, dear, it took me that long to get a hand."

## Shocking!

Willie wanted to play ball with the other boys, but his mother wanted him to carry in some wood—in fact, was quite decided that he should. Willie demurred, but mother prevailed. The final scene was stormy, and as Willie came out of the wood-shed, he danced with wrath.

"Darn! Darn!" he cried. "If I had a moving picture of the way I feel I'd never get by the censors."

## Research Required

Uncle Joe pushed his wheelbarrow against the curb, wiped his black brow and knocked at his employer's door.

"Boss," he began. "I'd like fo' yo'—all to len' me de loan of yo' cyclopedians and dickshernerries and any odder nice big books yo' got."

"Good Lord, Joe! And you've brought a wheelbarrow? What on earth do you want of them?"

"Ve'y impo'tant 'casion, suh. Ve'ry impo'tant. Mc an' Phoebe wants to hunt up a name fo' de baby, suh."

## Wary

Rural Cop: "These daw-gone motorists are a-gettin' too blame smart. Somethin' oughta be done."

Friend: "What's the matter?"

R. C.: "Why, the sons of guns all slow down afore they get into Hicksville lately."

## The Welcome

The returning American clung to the rail of the liner, and as it made its way into New York harbor he peered at the familiar setting. Then he stiffened in horror.

"Gosh," he exclaimed thickly. "They've built 'nother stashue liberty."

## No Chance

Judge: "Driving a car while intoxicated, ch? Fifty and costs and don't let it happen again."

Accused: "It can't, your honor. I wrecked the car and I lost my bootlegger's address in the smashup."

## Fifty-Fifty

Smith: "Brown, you're a man of experience. Which make the best wives—blondes or brunettes?"

Brown: "I didn't notice any particular difference in my wife either way."

## As He Were

The supply sergeant had just issued the last assortment of shoes to the colored outfit. There were plenty of kicks, but the loudest and most prolonged came from Private Indigo Snow who, failing to receive satisfaction elsewhere, betook himself to the captain.

"Cap'n, suh," he announced, "mah shoes am too big fo' me."

"You'll have to make the best of it," answered the captain. "Plenty of men have shoes that don't quite fit."

"Don' quite fit!" ejaculated Indigo. "If yo' says 'tenshun, cap'n, Ah comes to 'tenshun. Den if yo' says to right about face Ah right about faces, but mah shoes stays at 'tenshun. Don' quite fit? Huh!"



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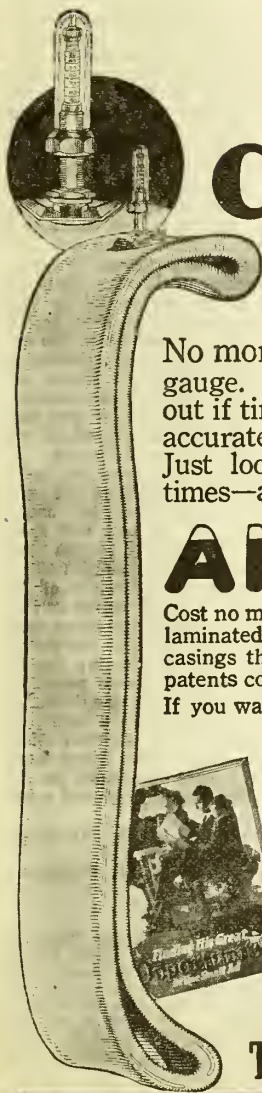
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# THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of The American Legion Weekly, The American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the World War. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and in most cases noticed in reviews.

## Books Received

- HISTORY OF THE EIGHTY-FOURTH DIVISION. By Captain Warner P. Sayers, % F. D. Lawrence Electric Co., 217 West 4th st., Cincinnati, O.
- MAN-O-WAR RHYMES. By Burt Franklin Jenness. Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.
- A YEAR IN THE NAVY. By Joseph Husband. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.
- HISTORY OF E COMPANY, 37TH U. S. ENGINEERS. By Private H. C. Brown. George E. Ellis Co., Boston, Mass.
- HISTORY OF "A" BATTERY, 308TH F. A. Obtainable through H. N. Flynt, 89 Hancock st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- THE HARVARD VOLUNTEERS IN EUROPE. By M. A. de Wolfe Howe. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.
- DIARY OF SECTION VIII, AMERICAN AMBULANCE FIELD SERVICE. Thomas Todd Co., Boston, Mass.
- HISTORY OF BASE HOSPITAL No. 115. Printed at Vichy, France.
- HISTORY AND ROSTER OF THE U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 16, NEW HAVEN, CONN. By Raymond Skiland Brown. Obtainable through Miss Nona D. Prey, 2 Bank st., New York.
- HILTON U. BROWN, JR., ONE OF THREE BROTHERS IN ARTILLERY. Letters and verses assembled by Hilton U. Brown, Sr. United Typothetae of America School of Printing, Indianapolis, Ind.
- HEROES ALL! Names and Citations of Soldiers and Citizens Decorated by the American Government. Edited by Harry R. Stringer. Fasset Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.
- THE HISTORY OF THE 323RD F. A. By Charles M. Colyer. Britton Printing Co., Cleveland, O.
- HISTORY OF THE U. S. S. LEVIATHAN. Compiled by the History Committee on board the ship. Brooklyn Eagle Press, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- HISTORY OF THE U. S. S. HARRISBURG. By Robert B. Holt, 1104 Rivermont av., Lynchburg, Va.
- THE HATCHET OF THE U. S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON. Compiled by Edwin T. Pollock and Lieut. Paul F. Bloomhardt. J. J. Little & Ives Co., 435 East 24th st., New York.
- A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY. British and American Poems of the World War, 2 vols. Edited by George Herbert Clarke, University of Tennessee. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.
- HEROES OF AVIATION. By Laurence La Tourette Driggs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.
- SIRIERIAN STUFF. By Frank Beaman. Watson-Jones, Inc., San Diego, Cal.
- THE 101ST ENGINEERS IN FOREIGN SERVICE. Veteran Association, First Corps Cadets, Boston, Mass.
- WAR BOOK OF "E" COMPANY, 364TH INF. Edited by Adolphus E. Graupner, 525 Market st., San Francisco, Cal.



"I could get the music in Paris, Colonel!"—the bandmaster hears the call of the wild

From "The Story of the Forty-seventh (C.A.C.)". Obtainable from G. W. Small, The Terraces, Mt. Washington, Md.

critical attitude of higher quarters toward the division caused it to be judged at times rather more severely than others, and not always given full credit for what it did accomplish. For example, the clean-cut stroke at St. Mihiel—the night march of Colonel Bearss's regiment straight across the heart of the salient to Vigneulles—was not duly recognized at the time, and has never been properly appreciated.

The difficulty, instead of wearing itself out in time, got steadily worse, and ended in something approaching a complete blow-up when General Edwards was relieved just before the Armistice. This crisis and the controversy which followed make it difficult to write the history of the division in a detached or matter-of-fact spirit. It would have been pleasanter reading if the story of the Twenty-sixth could have been a little less explanatory on the defensive, and more free from any note of complaint or fault-finding. But it would, perhaps, have been an incomplete story. However regrettable, this general state of mind was part of the author's subject, and it is hardly fair to attack him, as some critics have done, for touching on it at all.

To give the author full credit, it seems fair to say that he set out with the best intentions of keeping an even balance in a non-controversial narrative. But by degrees the tribulations that developed cast their shadows over him, and his last chapter, describing the final struggle on the hills north of Verdun, is the most depressing passage in any divisional history or in any account of American operations in the war.

"New England in France" is a handy-sized volume, well printed and generally attractive in form. It has not the usual S.O.S. equipment of a divisional history—honor roll, tables of casualties, etc., and lacks a list of important field orders. This last is a decided shortcoming in an official history, but it is made up for in part by the very intelligent way in which orders and reports issued in the field and in the midst of action are interwoven in the narrative. In this particular respect, the book is better than most. At times general comments are pitched in a rather high key—"the hard-bitten, tough young giants from the West, who fought as joyously with

their fists as with grenade or bayonet" is the sort of mixture which calls for a literary Volstead act. And even if in western Mass. and Conn. there exists a race of tough young giants it is a good deal more convincing not to refer to them as "assault troops, fierce, reckless and hardy." This is the old 1917 touch, but every buck private has long since cut out the ferocity.

Major Taylor, however, is unusually well equipped for his work. He knew his division well, and had a first-hand knowledge of the course of the operations he describes. His account of them is clear, well arranged and very substantial—so good, in fact, that it deserves good maps, instead of the trifling sketches which are given. Perhaps minor affairs of early days, such as the German raids at Seicheprey and the Bois Brulé, are treated out of true proportion, and it would certainly have been more interesting to have had fuller details about St. Mihiel, which was the most completely successful of any of the actions of the Twenty-sixth. But the difficult, mixed-up advance from Belleau Wood is fully treated, and there is a full discussion of the effort north of Verdun. In one sense there is too much; for a divisional history to indulge in a wrangling argument as to whether or not Foch ought to have gone ahead or sat down in his tracks during the last stage of the campaign, is a waste of time (to put it gently).

The history does give, however, certain matter of great importance to understanding the conditions east of the Meuse. Not only this division but also the French corps commander in charge of this sector considered that the attacks there were being conducted in a futile manner, and we are given the text of the letter in which the latter set forth his objections to the First Army. For the job assigned him he wanted five divisions instead of three, and fresh troops instead of outfits which were tired and fed up. We cannot enter into the rights and wrongs of this general disagreement, but the upshot of it was that this corps and some of its units had to keep on reluctantly with operations they had no heart in. It was not a good basis for success, and we are told that the removal of General Edwards accounted in large part for the infantry's "momentary depression." But the Twenty-sixth held on in line until the end—twenty-six days in all, which was a long while for the Meuse-Argonne.

Major Taylor makes the reader realize all the difficulties and hardships the division endured in so bad a sector, but one or two extra flourishes of his pen will make any reader buck. "Compared to the tasks set for the 17th and the 2nd Colonial Corps, those assigned to the units west of the Meuse were simple." A good many writers—French, British or American—have criticized freely enough the American operations west of the Meuse, but it remains for the historian of the Twenty-sixth to point out that the task was simple. A good deal of light is cast upon the spirit in which he writes by one paragraph of general observations upon the work of the First Army west of the river. This concludes as follows: "Escaping disaster, it achieved a victory."

As a general summary of the Meuse-Argonne, this is the gloomiest yet.

T. H. THOMAS.

## Book Notes

The history of the 79th Division has just been published after two years' effort devoted to the compilation of available material. The result is a volume of 542 pages chronicling the activities of every unit in the 79th from Camp Meade back to Hoboken. The price of the history is \$5. It may be obtained from J. H. Steinman, former division adjutant, Lancaster, Pa.

## The Embattled Farmers\*

SEVERAL histories of the Twenty-sixth Division had already appeared before the historian of the division could make ready this volume, which is evidently the official history—although the title page makes no mention of the fact. It is also the most careful and thorough account which has been written, and the most responsible in its general tone. Even an official history, evidently, cannot pass over altogether the various difficulties which troubled the state of mind of this division during the war and broke out into open antagonism afterward.

Without going into the rights and wrongs of the feud between the Twenty-sixth and G.H.Q., we must recognize that it was not altogether a side issue. The feeling aroused was such that it became a very positive factor. The division, feeling that there was a prejudice against it, did not always respond with conviction to the orders it received (to judge, for instance, from the account given here of the fighting north of Verdun). And, on the other hand, the

\*NEW ENGLAND IN FRANCE, 1917-1919. A History of the Twenty-sixth Division U. S. A. By Major Emerson Gifford Taylor. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.





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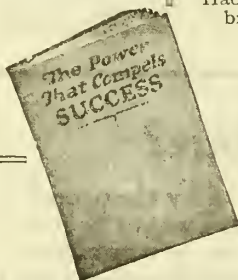
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# Veteran Laws of Seven States

## Ohio

### Adjusted Compensation

Payment of ten dollars per service month, with maximum of two hundred and fifty dollars is authorized to honorably discharged men and women who at time of entering service were residents of the State. Compensation is not payable to men who held rank higher than that of captain in Army or Marine Corps or lieutenant in Navy.

### Free Tuition

Honorably discharged veterans of the State shall be admitted to any school or university supported by State funds without tuition or matriculation fees.

### Burial of Deceased Veterans

The county commissioners of each county are authorized to expend sums not in excess of \$100 each for the burial of indigent deceased veterans, burial to be made in any cemetery or burial ground other than those used for the burial of paupers or criminals. The Boards of County Commissioners are authorized to provide for the purchase and maintenance of plots of ground for the burial of honorably discharged veterans.

### Battle Flags

Provision is made for the casing and display of all Ohio battle flags used in the World War.

### Licenses

Licenses as traveling merchants shall be issued by auditors to honorably discharged veterans on payment of fifty cents, and they shall be exempted from paying any additional fees during the period covered by such license.

### Memorials

The judge of the Court of Common Pleas in each county is authorized to submit to the electors of the county the question of levying a tax for the purpose of erecting

and maintaining a memorial building, on presentation of a petition signed by not less than two percent of the electors of the county.

### Protection of Emblem

Provision is made for the punishment by fine or imprisonment or both of any person wearing the Legion insignia or using it to obtain aid unless entitled to it.

## Nebraska

### Financial Aid

Provision is made for the appointment of a Soldiers' Relief Commission by the county board in each county to provide financial assistance to all indigent veterans honorably discharged from service and to their wives and minor children, also to widows of deceased veterans.

### Grave Markers

On petition of five property owners of any township, precinct or municipality, the county board of supervisors will furnish a metal marker for the graves of deceased veterans.

### Soldiers' and Sailors' Home

Provision is made for admission to state soldiers' and sailors' homes of honorably discharged veterans of the World War who have been residents of the State for at least two years immediately preceding their application, and are disabled and incapable of earning a livelihood as the result of service, old age or other causes and who have no means of support; also for admission of widows and mothers of men who died in service and widows of men who died after honorable discharge, if residents of the State for at least two years, fifty or more years of age and unable to earn a livelihood.

### State Aid

An endowment fund of \$2,000,000 has been appropriated by the State. The income, approximately \$100,000 a year, is to be used to aid disabled and needy veterans and the widows and orphans of deceased

veterans. The fund is administered through The American Legion.

### Recording of Discharges

Certificates of discharge may be recorded in the office of any county clerk free of charge.

### Oral Wills

Any soldier, sailor or marine, while in actual service, can legally dispose of his wages or personal estate by an oral will, the restrictions usually applying to such wills being waived.

### Armistice Day

November 11th has been declared a legal holiday.

### Boxing Matches

Boxing or sparring matches are legalized under supervision of a state commission.

### Memorials

Counties, townships, cities and villages are authorized to erect memorials and to levy a special tax for them.

### Education

The English language shall be the official language in the State and the teaching of any other language in the grade schools is unlawful.

## Maryland

### Memorials

A State Memorial Commission has been created to provide memorials on the battlefields in France on which Maryland troops fought. No appropriation was made to cover the expenses of this work, and the Legion is contemplating raising the necessary funds.

### Adjusted Compensation

A bill providing compensation for veterans, with both cash and educational provisions, was declared unconstitutional.

## What Do Dues Do When Due?

The stigma of poverty is in the back alleys of fifty thousand cities, towns and villages of the United States. Twenty thousand war victims still lie on their backs in government hospitals. Over one hundred thousand ex-service men are creeping along on meagre allowances trying to fit themselves for useful trades.

A young America is growing up in inadequate schools. There are cities that need beautification, foreigners hungry for Americanization, Boy Scouts that need training, war orphans to be cared for.

Have you a conception of the fight that lies before the Legion in 1923? It is your heritage from war, your duty to the peace you made, to stick to the gang you fought with.

We are after that 2,000,000. Are you with us?

Pay your dues—lend a buddy the money to pay his.

Come clean with the gang that is fighting for those who can't fight for themselves.

Pay your Legion dues *now*.

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*Is your post coming through more than one hundred percent strong?*

*Has every eligible in your community joined?*

*Have all your members pitched in for a house-to-house canvass for service men?*

*Have you sent in your cards for all who have paid up?*

*Do you know that the Weekly will stop going to delinquents soon?*

*The receipt of the Weekly by your members is acknowledgment that we received the cards you sent.*

*Do you need back copies of the Weekly for your membership work? If you do, write us.*

**LET'S GO—NOW.**



## Illinois

### Adjusted Compensation

Payment of fifty cents a day is provided for all honorably discharged veterans who served for at least two months during the World War, part of such service being between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, and who at time of entering service were residents of the State. Act approved by state referendum.

### Employment

Employers of five or more persons are required annually, or upon request, to report data concerning employment of veterans to the Department of Labor. That department will investigate and promote the re-establishment in industry of honorably discharged veterans and will classify and publish statistics relating thereto.

### Recording Discharges

County recorders are required to record, free of charge and in separate books provided for that purpose, certificates of discharge of veterans.

### Civil Service Preference

In grading examinations for civil service, veterans shall be given credit of one percent, on basis of one hundred percent, for each six months or fraction thereof of service, not to exceed eighteen months.

### Education

The award of normal school or state university scholarships may be made to resident veterans of the State. Any student who left such schools to enter service shall be entitled to complete his course without further tuition charge. Not applicable to S. A. T. C.

### Burial

An appropriation to provide funeral expenses of and headstones for deceased veterans who served during the World War, and for their mothers, wives or widows, will be made by counties after approval by referendum.

### Soldiers' Orphans

Any indigent child under 18 years whose father or mother served in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, will be admitted to the State Soldiers' Orphans' Home.

### Armistice Day

November 11th has been declared a legal holiday.

### Emblem Protection

The wearing of the Legion emblem by non-members is unlawful.

## Oklahoma

### Hospitalization and Relief

A Soldiers' Relief Commission maintains a state tubercular sanitarium for ex-service men. The commission consists of three members, one selected by the State House of Representatives, one by the State Senate and one by The American Legion. Total appropriation, \$384,700. The state also appropriated \$320,500 for an administration building and remodeling and equipping the ground floor of the State University Hospital, Oklahoma City, for additional facilities for disabled veterans, and for its maintenance. Further relief provisions are: Hospital and vocational training building for disabled veterans, the creation of a commission to put the act in effect, and appropriation of \$500,000 for its construction. The hospital is completed and the United States Veterans Bureau has agreed to lease, equip and maintain it. An additional appropriation of \$50,000 was included in this act to aid sick, wounded and

disabled veterans and their destitute wives, widows and minor children.

## Americanism

An act providing for the proper display of the American flag in every schoolroom in the State makes compulsory the teaching of respect and reverence for the flag by appropriate ceremonies formulated by the state superintendent of schools; and provides a penalty for its violation.

The compulsory teaching of American history and civil government is provided for in all public and private, graded and high schools. Passage of an examination in these studies is necessary for entrance to any college, university, normal school or chartered institution of learning.

An oath or affirmation of allegiance must be taken by all teachers in public, private, parochial and denominational schools.

### Meeting Places

The county commissioners of any county are authorized to lease, rent or donate any room in their control for the use of the G. A. R., U. C. V., The American Legion or any patriotic society.

### Discharge Certificates

Certified copies of discharge certificates are furnished by the county commissioners of each county with charge.

### Soldiers' Homes

Indigent World War veterans and their aged wives or widows are received and cared for at the Confederate Soldiers' Home.

The Oklahoma Union Soldiers' Home is open to aged or dependent World War veterans and their dependent wives, mothers or widows, to aged and dependent army nurses, and to dependent, honorably discharged members of the Oklahoma National Guard of three years service or more.

### Burial Expenses

Deceased service and ex-service men, their wives, army nurses and their husbands, and all members of the State militia may be buried free of cost in the state cemetery.

## Alabama

### Poll Tax Exemption

All honorably discharged veterans of the World War are exempt from payment of poll tax until 1924.

### License to Practice Medicine

Veterans of the World War, including members of the Volunteer Medical Service, are exempt from the payment to the state of the annual license fee of five dollars to practice medicine.

## West Virginia

### Veterans' Relief

An appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars was voted as a relief fund for honorably discharged veterans of the World War in need.

### Burial Expenses

A sum not to exceed seventy-five dollars may be expended for the burial of a deceased veteran.

### Memorials

On petition of at least twenty percent of the voters of a county, the county court may levy a tax for the purpose of purchasing a site and erecting, equipping and maintaining a building or other structure as a memorial to the men of the county who served during the World War.

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## Meeting of Weekly Directors

THE American Legion Weekly will not be moved to Indianapolis in the immediate future. It was decided at the annual meeting of the board of directors of the Legion Publishing Corporation in New York City on February 5th. This question came up as a result of the passage of a resolution at the New Orleans Convention providing that the magazine be moved to the headquarters city as soon as practicable. A special sub-committee of the board of directors appointed by National Commander Owsley, president of the board, and consisting of Past National Commander John G. Emery of Michigan, Rodney S. Cohen of Georgia, and Albert Greenlaw of Maine, had been studying the problem since last October. It reported that, in its opinion, such a move was impracticable at this time, and the report was unanimously adopted by the board.

The principal obstacle to moving, the report stated, was that costs of production in Indianapolis would be from \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year greater than at present—this in addition to the actual expenses of the move. Such expenditure would have prevented improvement of the magazine this year. The sub-committee reported also that it had taken into consideration the opinion, which it found prevailing in many quarters, that in the not distant future the Legion might undertake a project similar to Mooseheart, the national institution of the Loyal Order of the Moose, or Pressmen's Home in Tennessee, maintained by the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union, and that the Weekly should be established as a Legion-owned plant in connection with such a venture.

The directors took steps to observe another resolution of the convention, that providing that the magazine discontinue its policy of confining its

columns strictly to Legion affairs and that it contain more articles of general interest, a percentage of the profits of the publication being used for this purpose. The board decided that the size of the Weekly should be increased to forty-eight pages—an increase of sixteen pages—as soon as practicable. It is hoped to begin the publication of forty-eight page issues in May or June of this year. Only certain issues will be thus enlarged for the time being, however, the frequency of their appearance being determined by the growth in advertising and subscription revenues.

Half of the Weekly's net profits in 1922 will be made available for this purpose. The other half, as provided in a resolution adopted at the Kansas City convention in 1921, will be prorated among the department headquarters.

With the increase in space an improvement in the contents of the magazine is contemplated. This will include the use of special articles, fiction and other features.

At the same time it was planned to move part of the editorial staff of the Weekly to Indianapolis that it might work in close contact with National Headquarters. The Indianapolis office of the Weekly will be opened in March.

The board of directors also discussed the plan to add a separate cover in color printed on heavier paper. Action on this was postponed until the proposed increase in size is effected. The added cost of a forty-eight page issue over a thirty-two page issue is about \$150,000 a year. The cost of a heavier separate cover would be over \$300,000 a year.

(NOTE: A copy of the auditor's annual report on The American Legion Weekly will be sent to any Legion member on request.)

## Americans in the Making

THE Rev. R. P. Basler, chaplain of Quentin Roosevelt Post of St. Louis, gave convincing proof of the effective Americanization work he is doing among foreign-born tenement children by having thirty of them participate in the official presentation of The American Legion Auxiliary colors to the Auxiliary of Quentin Roosevelt Post.

The Rev. Mr. Basler, as part of the daily program at Kingdom House, a community center in the heart of the tenement district, has instituted a patriotic ceremonial embodying quotations from the Declaration of Independence

and the familiar Pléde of Allegiance to the Flag. This daily ceremonial has been found of real value in impressing on the children who take part in it the fundamentals of citizenship and reverence for the American flag.

When the children of Kingdom House presented this patriotic ceremonial, which is called "The Faith of America," those present were profoundly impressed. An Auxiliary member said, "We were deeply thrilled by the beauty of the service. We will long remember the earnest simplicity of the little devotees as they recited their creed."

## Further Recognition

COURT decisions in several cases of litigation over the disposal of War Chest funds have pretty well established the recognition of the Legion as the all-inclusive, all-representative organization of World War veterans. Therefore, notwithstanding the petitions of other organizations, the Steuben County War Chest Association in Indiana voted to place the residue of its fund, amounting to almost three thousand dollars, at the disposal of the two Legion posts in the county, Cassel Post

of Fremont and Angola Post. The fund is to be administered by a board of trustees composed of two freeholders of the county, the judge of the circuit court and a representative from each post of the Legion. The money is to be used solely for the purpose of establishing permanent headquarters for the two posts. The apportionment was based on the membership of the posts, thirty-five percent going to Cassel Post and sixty-five percent to Angola Post.



# More Greatest War Thrills

(Continued from page 13)

There wasn't a moment to lose. "Throw em over, boys!" I yelled, and as they went there was a resounding explosion—outside the trench. We were safe.

Then we ran to the adjoining boyau. In it we found a boy, dreadfully wounded. He knew that he was going to die and he begged us to shoot him. We put him in an ambulance, but before he reached the hospital he was dead. Later I heard the story of the tragedy. One of the boy's buddies, becoming nervous, had thrown his bomb at the first command. It fell in the trench. The youth nearest him remembered that it would explode at the end of five seconds, and, quick as a flash, picked it up in order to hurl it over the parapet. He was too late. He made a gallant effort, and I feel sure that he was just as much a hero as many of the men who laid down their lives where the world's spotlight was playing—over there.—O. H. BERGEN, *Escalon, Cal.*

## Soldiers Four—and a Cask

I WAS a ward master in a hospital, and a little Irishman named Sam was my assistant. One of our patients was a Portuguese from San Francisco. Another was a big colored soldier from Texas who looked innocent enough but who could trim the spots off of anyone with the speckled cubes. Sam and I could get passes to go into town; the Portuguese could speak French; the big boy from the 92d Division generally had the cash. Altogether we had an ideal combination—for a holiday in France.

Every evening we made a trip in to hear life murmur and see it glisten—provided the effects of the murmuring and glistening of the evening previous had worn off.

Finally came New Year's Eve. Ah, happy day! We started in, as per our usual schedule, and en route consumed four bottles of champagne. (Oh, hours

that are no more!) Before the town came in sight we crossed some tracks upon a siding of which was a flat car. Investigation led to the interesting discovery that it was loaded with casks of white wine.

"White soldiers," said 92d, "why should we pay these frogs for something to drink when right here, sent by the Gods, is plenty waiting for us for nothing?" Whereupon we untied the fastenings, let a cask drop deliciously to the ground, and proceeded to roll it to the hospital (one mile away), through the gate and into the cellar where the personnel were quartered.

All night white wine flowed. The entire staff of that hospital below the rank of corporal united in ascertaining how much white wine the human system could absorb. It was a wet evening.

We had rolled that cask through the mud for a mile. We had left a track that a half-witted blind man could follow. We had met officers of every conceivable rank, M. P.'s by the dozen, soldiers of all races and colors and creeds, and a guard that was ordinarily suspicious of everything. But the next day there was not a word said; and to this day I have never heard the aftermath of the disappearance of that wine.

Thrilling? You should have been in our places during the days immediately following the proceedings in the cellar.—M. E. STEVENSON, *Downers Grove, Ill.*

## Behind the German Lines

IT was during the Soissons offensive. I was with Company H., 16th Infantry. For over four days (ever since the morning of July 18th) we had been going through an inferno of savage fighting. At last we had gained our objective across the Paris-Soissons railroad and were huddled in little holes in a clump of trees just beyond the tracks.

There had been a lot of confusion, of course; and we were not certain where our lines were. So Charles Stewart and I volunteered to go out and see if we could locate them.

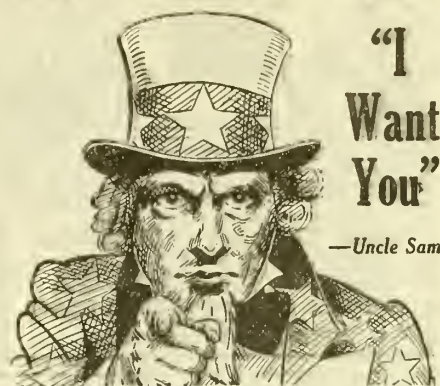
To our left front was a branch road of the Paris-Soissons highway.

"That's probably our most advanced line of outposts," I said to Charlie. "Guess you're right," he answered, so we headed toward it. There were sights along the way that I had best not describe here. All about us were dead men—Germans and Americans—and it was easy to picture the desperate struggle that had gone on before they were killed.

Presently we came on one of our own machine gunners, decidedly alive. "Where are our lines?" I asked. "Haven't an idea," he laughed. So on we went. After crossing the road and a small ravine we suddenly came to a large beet pile; then, glancing across this, we saw two German machine gunners—and they were facing the other way. We were inside the German lines! Talk about thrills! We had several, right then and there. Of course we fell to the ground at once, and it wasn't very long before we had decided to capture those men.

Did we take them? We did *not*! Hardly had we made our plans than we noticed, just beyond us, a factory in which there must have been at least

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## Rhode Island Gathers Speed

There are no sure bets in the Weekly subscription card race. The field is continually shifting. By stepping up from fifteenth to tenth place, Rhode Island displaces Nebraska from the top ten. Georgia still holds premier position on February 7th. Here they all are—the departments as they stand in proportion of 1923 cards received to total membership in 1922, and the standings of the same departments on the same date for the same ratio in 1922.

1923	1922	1923	1922
1 Georgia .....	42	25 N. Hampshire.	16
2 Idaho .....	32	26 Ohio .....	3
3 S. Dakota .....	7	27 Arizona .....	45
4 Iowa .....	5	28 Alabama .....	40
5 Illinois .....	31	29 Montana .....	23
6 Utah .....	20	30 Washington .....	41
7 Delaware .....	29	31 California .....	22
8 Indiana .....	11	32 N. Carolina .....	15
9 Kansas .....	12	33 Arkansas .....	8
10 R. Island .....	14	34 W. Virginia .....	37
11 Nebraska .....	2	35 Michigan .....	25
12 Penna .....	17	36 Wyoming .....	21
13 Wisconsin .....	9	37 Massachusetts .....	47
14 Oklahoma .....	6	38 Vermont .....	27
15 Colorado .....	35	39 Oregon .....	34
16 S. Carolina .....	38	40 Virginia .....	28
17 N. Dakota .....	4	41 Mississippi .....	33
18 Tennessee .....	24	42 New Jersey .....	49
19 Texas .....	30	43 Kentucky .....	18
20 Maine .....	36	44 Florida .....	26
21 Maryland .....	19	45 Missouri .....	13
22 Connecticut .....	39	46 N. Mexico .....	10
23 New York .....	43	47 D. of C. ....	48
24 Minnesota .....	1	48 Nevada .....	44
	49 Louisiana .....	46	





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400 Germans. So there was nothing to do but about face and do our darnedest to slip back into American territory. This we succeeded in doing just in time to notify a Scotch division (which was relieving us) of the location of that machine gun.—FRANK H. KING, (Co. H, 16th Inf., 1st Division), Pocahontas, Miss.

### While the Colonel Slept

**M**Y greatest thrill? Call it what you like—scare, thrill, or anything else—but I had it.

According to my diary it was Sunday, August 18, 1918, between one and 4.30 a.m., my tour on gas guard. (We had no regulation two-on-four-off shift.) My post was at a stone wall, about fifty feet from the colonel's quarters. Our colonel loved his men, but he loved his sleep also, and woe to the man who awakened him with a false gas alarm. This meant that every time a shell came over, yours truly ducked under a piece of corrugated iron extending over the top of the wall and, after hearing the last fragment drop, came out and sniffed—sniffed for gas.

Shortly after one of these gas-sniffing trips I gazed upward and swore that I saw someone climbing over the

stone wall about fifteen feet distant. Thoughts of a Jerry slipping through the lines were first to assail me. If I moved directly toward him he'd get me first. If I ignored him he'd probably reach the colonel's quarters and then—well, I wouldn't be any better off. My gun was locked with bayonet fixed. I executed a port arms and unlocked the gun while strolling nonchalantly along the wall toward the object. Boy! but my heart was beating a tattoo.

I neared the spot without the object moving and was about to make a lunge at the top of the wall when I saw what it was that had me flustered. The vines growing along the top of the wall had entwined and grown in such a manner as to form a bulky mass, not unlike the head and shoulders of a man. I had passed and repassed this same spot several times a day, but whether the lonesomeness of the night affected my imagination or my hallucination was due to working all the previous day, with but three hours' rest under our own batteries before going on guard, I cannot say.

A few days later Jerry made a direct hit on the building after the colonel had left.—A. J. MAICKEL, 540 E. 87th St., New York City.

## Histories in the Making

(Continued from page 17)

6. Local post members holding other prominent public offices.

7. Clippings or quotations from local paper showing important post activities from organization to date.

In addition to the data suggested above which may be incorporated in a post history, it is desirable to collect other material for the post archives as a source of reference and war record. The archives can include such things as the following:

- Complete file of The American Legion Weekly in binders or bound.
- Photograph album of war dead and those who have died since.
- Photograph album of all who served.
- Flag number of the National Geographical Magazine (October, 1917).
- All the good books and pamphlets is-

sued during the war you can get hold of. Keep them in a chest under lock and key.

F. All the souvenirs and relics you can secure, also under lock and key.

G. Book of Remembrance. Names of those who have boosted and contributed to the local Legion Post.

H. Photographs of parades, Armistice Day celebrations, etc.

I. Illustrated war books.

J. One year's (April, 1917—December, 1918) editions of a good weekly or monthly magazine, bound.

K. Overseas edition of *Stars and Stripes*, or reprint of overseas edition.

L. Divisional and regimental histories.

M. Letters of ex-service men.

N. Overseas and United States cantonment wartime photographs, official or unofficial.

## France in the Ruhr

(Continued from page 6)

might use force for collection; and this is her authority for the advance into the Ruhr, which is the climax of the policy of Foch and Poincaré.

The Ruhr enterprise may cost France more than she gets out of it, but she is willing to pay that for further insurance of future security. This show of power will strengthen her military prestige. She dreams of an independent German Rhineland as a buffer between her and Germany, of estranging Bavaria and breaking up the old German Empire.

That gray fox of strategy, Foch, is not given to making military mistakes. He has considered the two questions: What if the Germans should resist the French movement by force, or, if not by force, what can they accomplish by passive resistance? Through all the four years since the war his cunning has been in play to strengthen French and weaken German military power. Ger-

many has been pretty thoroughly disarmed. Her old army organization is broken, and her officers scattered. She is in economic chaos from the inflation of her currency. Her political councils are divided. Gradually, the French think, she has been softened for their purpose.

Meanwhile, the French army has been kept strong and well-equipped. French military leaders think that it could take Berlin. But this would involve enormous expense, long lines of communication, and policing big areas which would favor the nagging methods of guerilla warfare and passive resistance.

It is unnecessary. Holding the Ruhr satisfies French requirements. What Pennsylvania, with its coal and iron and its steel plants, is to the United States, and more, this region is to Germany. In size it is smaller than Rhode Island. Such a concentration of urban



and industrial life is easily policed and held in military cordon.

From Essen, Ludendorff drew his guns and munitions for the four years' struggle. Without supplies from Essen Germany cannot make modern war. Without coal from the Ruhr the Germans lack heat for their houses and power to drive the wheels of their factories.

Thus France has the heart of industrial Germany in her grip and can shut off the arteries which feed the blood of industrial life to the rest of the land, while her own affairs at home, being little affected, she can bide her time as she collects imposts until Germany comes to terms about reparations.

Such is the French plan. Critics answer that you cannot squeeze water from a stone or take millions from an empty purse. But this is an argument which does not appeal to the average Frenchman. He cannot believe that the nation which held all the world in arms off for four years has not the resources to meet her obligations if she must. To him she is merely that tricky ancient enemy who has dodged her just debts which she will pay only at the point

of the bayonet. So the French use the bayonet.

Again the critics point out that France is laying up a store of hate in Germany which future German generations will use to sharpen their weapons and whet their courage for revenge in a war which will be more terrible than the last and in which France, if beaten, can expect no quarter. To this the Frenchman answers:

"Germany cannot hate us more than she hates us now. We know that she will never give us quarter if she is strong enough to defeat us. There are nearly two human beings of German to one of French blood. We are not dreaming of a Utopia but of a secure France. We do not want soil again slashed with trenches which will be slaughter pits for our youth."

There you have the human issue. The terrier out of past experience will have no truce with the wild-cat. America with the seas between her and Europe may be grateful that we have no neighbors stewing in such an ancient hatred. The first thing to prevent another European war is to stop the hatred between nations.

## Raw, Raw, Raw, Beaun-n-n-ne!

(Continued from page 8)

The muddy months of March and April, as I recall, fled by on wings, and so did pleasant May and June. Then college closed—with tears in our eyes (?) we prepared to leave for home. Gathered about the cosy café tables of Beaune we read and marked the final examination papers of our students. Beaune wine produces a genial, humanity-loving mood, so we passed more of them than we should have. The Army's wondrous flyer in education was over—hard work and hard play alike were behind us.

Oh, yes, we had splendid college commencement exercises. I remember well the diplomas the supply officers handed out proving that if you didn't have your original five shelter-half pins with you you wouldn't be allowed to embark for home. And the baccalaureate address up by the delousing station: "Hey, you men, snap into it! There's four more companies got to go through here before eleven o'clock."

I believe there really was some kind of a shebang to close dear old A. E. F. U., but if it was held I was on my bunk at the time. That was where we instructors were to be found toward the close of the college year, more and more frequently, reading last year's motion picture magazines. Our work was through—the pride and youth of America as represented by the student body could now go home with our inspiring words resounding in their ears. Nothing any longer could be taken seriously—the West called.

As a matter of fact, I am willing to wager one mule, kicking, Army, against one pair leggins, wrap, O. D., that the farewell addresses we instructors gave our classes were as much appreciated as that of the average college professor to his group of knowledge-hounds. I know that I closed my professorial career at A. E. F. U. speaking in low tones so as not to disturb several sleepers.

It was an event in life, but far more than that I shall treasure the memory

of our inspection—the only one we had during my stay at Beaune—the day before the good old coll. Took train for the embarkation ports with, "We've paid our debt to Lafayette. Who the hell do we owe now?" chalked on its box cars. As instructors we had had our three or four months of hammering literature, chemistry, applied accounting, journalism, law, et al., into privates and majors, and we knew our rights.

We spread our belongings on our shelter halves on our own parade ground, which we had never used for anything but baseball, and as it was a nice, sunny, sleepy morning those of us who felt so inclined lay down on top of them. When our new C. O., a captain given us for the trip home, came along each man would get up off his things till the skipper had looked them over and then returned to slumber. The smoke of a hundred cigarettes gave the parade ground the appearance of a battlefield in full blast.

Our captain, who had never been with troops, appeared slightly perturbed as he surveyed the lines of recumbent figures.

"This doesn't seem right to me," he suggested to the ash-blond little looey. "The men ought to be at attention, oughtn't they?"

"Gehenna," observed the looey, of whom we were very fond, and rightly. "That's the way this bunch of intellectuals always does things."

I think, however, that on the way home occurred the incident that most fittingly expressed the college spirit of that brilliant but splendid body of young men—the enlisted instructors—with whose departure Beaune went back to France, not too badly in need of repair. They shipped us from Marseille, and twelve hours out put us into denims to save wear and tear on our caps and gowns.

Our boat boasted a major general who daily would trot up and down his private promenade deck, getting his exercise, while from below, out of the

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By John Palmer Cumming

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safety of our jumbled carpet of overalled figures reclining on the common deck, would come cries of "One-two-three-four! Wipe that smile off, buddy!"

The higher learning is a dangerous thing; perhaps we had tarried too long diffusing it in the fine rarefied atmosphere of A. E. F. U. It was making us civilians two weeks ahead of time.

Well, all that happened more than three years ago, although it seems but yesterday. The trusty old gas mask and the history book lie no more in a box in the cellar. For their reward in bringing back hilarious memories they have been promoted to the living room. And as I sit and look at them I cannot help wondering, to paraphrase the poet of la belle France: "Where are the gang of yesteryear?"

I'm no professor now—far, far from it. And I don't suppose many of the others of our dizzy band are penned in halls of learning. I rather think we've gone back to selling automobiles and working on newspapers and running hardware stores and keep our highbrow inner selves pretty well tied in. I wonder where the ash-blond little looney is and if he still wears the diamond ring we gave him. And what of our topper, who wore glasses, to whom we presented the gold watch? Actually to a topper—a gold watch. But then, as I have said before, they were of the world's good eggs.

And A. E. F. U. was a whole pay day omelette.

## Through Red Russia

(Continued from page 10)

already jammed with passengers, and it seemed as if every person about the station was trying to board it. We tried to jam our way into several of the cars but were met with a volley of Russian cries and pushed off. Finally, with the aid of a good-natured fellow in the uniform of a Russian naval officer, we squeezed into one of the cars, and our journey to Moscow began.

Twenty-four hours later we jolted into Perm. Another group of colonists was expected soon, and we had arranged that Collins should stop at Perm and wait for them to get any mail there was for us. He then intended to beat his way into Moscow on the International Express and meet us at the American Relief station.

Goniff and I remained on the train. Four days more of miserable days and nights and the train stopped at Viatka, where we were laid up for fifteen hours waiting for an engine. In all of this time we had not been bothered by the police; indeed, our railroad tickets had not even been examined.

While the train was sidetracked here I fell in with a Russian army officer who proved to be the best friend I found in Russia. Without him I should never have reached Moscow, and later he saved me from almost certain execution. I was trying to shave with an old safety razor, fitted with a blade so dull it would not cut. I must have presented a comical sight, for this officer came along the train and, when he saw me, burst out laughing. He walked over and said something in Russian.

I handed him the razor and said, "Here, try and see if you can do any better."

He answered me in broken English,



took the razor and tried it. He uttered a howl and threw the razor as far as he could. It wasn't much of a razor, but it was the only one I had, and I was about to make emphatic protest when he strode off down the line of cars and beckoned me to come along.

He went to his car, got out a straight razor and handed it to me. Then he sat down and with evident satisfaction watched me take my first painless shave in many days. I did not see the officer again until the train pulled into Vologda, where we had to make the final change of trains before reaching Moscow. I got my belongings aboard the other train and then went down the street to get some "mohoka" (tobacco).

When I came back to the station it was just in time to see the end of my train pulling out down the tracks. Imagine my feelings. Here I was stranded in the heart of Russia, unable to speak the language, without police passes or credentials. The first thought that crossed my mind was that I would soon be familiar with the interior of a Russian jail.

Just then a hand was laid on my shoulder. My heart sank as I turned and saw the uniform of a Russian officer. But the next moment I gave a shout of joy. It was the Russian officer who had lent me the razor.

He had been wounded, it seems, and had gone to a hospital to have his wound dressed and had also missed his train. There were no more trains that day, so we decided to make the best of a bad situation. Luckily the officer had taken his baggage off the train, but he had no money. I had twenty million rubles. We checked his baggage and walked through the town.

Whatever the position held by my companion, it was evidently one of authority, for whenever he spoke he was obeyed without question, even by the police and petty officials. He used his authority only when necessary, but a few stern words in Russian were sufficient to meet almost any situation. But in spite of his official position, without money he was almost as helpless as myself.

That night we went to a restaurant, a movie show not unlike the very first exhibitions of the kind ever given in the United States, and to a peasant dance. Next morning I had just five million rubles left, and I gave them to the officer, who went to the bazaar and returned with an armload of food. He had supposed I had more money and had spent every ruble! We had left all our papers as security for the room rent, and now had no money with which to pay.

The officer, when he learned of this predicament, picked up all the food excepting two apples and some black bread and took it back to the market. In a short time he returned with five million rubles. This just paid our room rent and we returned to the station. I to catch a train to Moscow and he one to Petrograd.

We had no money to get his baggage out of the check room, but after a noisy conference in Russian with the baggage master he got permission to open one of the suitcases. He took out a pair of pajamas, went over to the bazaar with them and in a few moments returned with another five million rubles.

He had one quality which is the rarest

thing in Russia—a sense of humor. We laughed heartily over the incident. Selling one's pajamas to help a friend, we agreed, was a true test of loyalty. With the money thus obtained we bought some tea and black bread and had one and a half million rubles left to pay the baggage master.

When my train came in it was not the customary string of freight cars, but a chain of coaches divided into compartments. I showed my ticket to the guard, but he refused to let me aboard and kept demanding, "Placard! Placard!"

My officer friend finally discovered that I did not have all of my ticket, but needed an additional "placard." We went into the station to see if we could get this, and while the officer was shouting at the top of his lungs at the station master and pounding the table hard enough to break it, the train pulled out. There was more shouting and more table pounding, and finally I was provided with a "placard." But now the train had gone and there would not be another for three days.

The officer knew that I would very soon be in trouble without him, so he generously let his own train go and stayed with me, although we had no money, no place to sleep, and nothing to eat. For three days we slept at night under the open sky. If I needed any further proof of my companion's friendship I had it then. He could have gone to communist headquarters and secured for himself food and a place to sleep. But he knew that if he left me I would probably be arrested at once, and he feared that if we went together to the communists I should be arrested in spite of all he could do.

When my freight train for Moscow finally arrived he put me aboard and threatened the conductor with the direst consequences if I did not arrive safely at my destination. Then he bid me the best of luck and we parted, never expecting to meet again. His final words to the conductor, however, were effective, for a member of the train crew shared his black bread and tea with me and once when police raided the train, looking for immigrants, I was warned in time to hide under one of the shelves of the car.

It was but an eighteen-hour run to Moscow, and on the evening of August 16, 1922, I walked from the station into the streets of the Soviet capital. I had had almost nothing to eat for four days, and I was sick and weak. My purpose was to find the American Relief station, but I had no notion where it was and I could find no one who could tell me. I had no overcoat and the air was chilly.

There was nothing to do but walk, and walk I did. I walked for about four hours—I do not know how far. I had no idea where I was going. It was just beginning to get dark when I found a man whom I made finally to understand that I was hunting the American Relief and who knew where it was. He wrote the address in Russian on a slip of paper, and by inquiring frequently I finally found a two-story white brick building with a sign on which I read the welcome words, "American Relief Administration. Personnel Office."

I was so weary from lack of food and walking that I could scarcely reach the door. It was locked.

(To be concluded)

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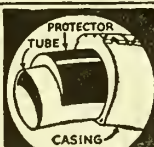
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## P R O A N D C O N

*Editorial Comment on the Activities of The American Legion*

**I**T'S not very often I want to go out, of evenings, to hear any orator spout; for what is the use of my having to roam to listen to lectures—I hear them at home! (Don't misunderstand me—it isn't the frau—I mean I can hear them by radio now.)

A while ago, though, I am happy to state, I heard Col. Alvin M. Owsley orate; we all ought to hear, was my earnest belief, The American Legion's commander-in-chief, who is, as I found when he opened his mouth, the silver-tongued Chauncey Depew of the South.

I sat and I listened an hour or so, and heard quite a bit that we all ought to know. It pleased me to learn that he's one of the ginks who never lacks courage to say what he thinks; whatever the subject, he isn't afraid of telling the world that a spade is a spade.

He said quite a lot, in the course of the night, with which I agree—so, of course, he was right! But this is the item that's patent and clear—the Legion and Owsley are true and sincere; whatever they do—though we all don't agree—they'll be as near right as a human can be.

So Al and his gang are a fine bunch of men—they fought for us once and will do it again; and though the war's over, their service doesn't cease, for now they are fighting our battles of peace. We owe them a great, a continuing debt—and shall we remember? Or shall we forget?—Avridge Mann in the *Seattle Star*.

The American Legion is a splendid organization to which one might truly apply the American phrase "one hundred percent American." If we are to believe the *New York Times*, it even surpasses in power the Grand Army of the Republic, the organization composed of veterans of the Civil War, who exercised an influence that caused them to be greatly feared by the politicians.—*L'Independence Belge, Brussels*.

The American Legion is much more than a mutual admiration society of soldiers and sailors of the World War. It intends to be, and must be, recognized not only as part of, but also a leader in, the great movement to make America—through education and legislation but especially through education—truly and thoroughly American.

Representing no sects and no sections, but representative of all sects and all sections, taking position and proposing to function as a great national body, rather than merely as an association of ex-service men, it both invites and demands, and with reason, a patriotic public's co-operation and support.

The Legion and its members, on the other hand, have a duty to fulfill to the utmost to nation, State, and even town. Standing for such high ideals as the extension of public school education to all children of school age who are now unschooled, and the training of the masses in at least the rudiments of American loyalty and American good citizenship, the Legion must, in fulfillment of the obligation it has taken upon itself, be an active, vital force in every sincere effort, be it national or purely local, to make this a nation of true American patriots, and to bring every American town and hamlet into harmony with that great main idea.

Good citizens everywhere will be eager to subscribe to the program of the Legion, as outlined here yesterday by the organization's present head. Commander Owsley's speeches, if they are all like the one he delivered in this city, cannot help but make for the organization enthusiastic boosters of thousands who, hitherto, have been no more to the Legion, perhaps, than lukewarm friends.—*Waterbury (Conn.) Republican*.

Possibly we might be truthful and still manage to annoy The American Legion a

little by saying that we can see no earthly reason why Lieut. Helmuth von Muecke, the young German officer of the *Emden*, should not be permitted to lecture in America to anybody who wants to hear him. Certainly what he has to say will be far less objectionable than the memoirs of the Kaiser, and also a good deal more interesting.—*Heywood Brown in the New York World*.

At the Yuletide season nothing could be more cheering than the promise of the world at peace and mankind dwelling in the fullest understanding. To me there has been no more hope-inspiring incident in 1922 than the recent meeting in America of the war veterans of eight nations, assembled for the deliberations of the Congress of the Inter-Allied Veterans' Federation—a Congress dedicated to the cause of peace and participated in by battle-scarred veterans, many of them of more than one war. Before they departed for their native lands these representatives of 15,000,000 men who fought in the last war solemnly and formally pledged themselves and their organizations to do everything possible to promote the interest of international concord and trust. Nineteen-twenty-three and the years to follow, I am confident, hold prosperity and bounteous reward for every earnest worker in every field of legitimate endeavor.—*L. R. Gignilliat, Brig. Gen. O. R. C., Sup't of Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind., in Joe Mitchell Chapple's National Magazine, Boston*.

In a situation where national and political expediency have been uppermost in the consideration of the Ruhr invasion, the reminder from the National Commander of The American Legion that it has also a moral issue is distinctly apt. He says:

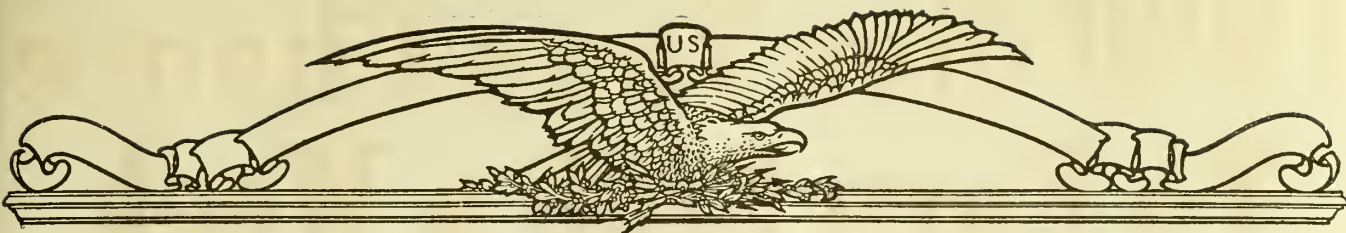
"The men and women of this country are always with France. I refer now to the entrance of the French into Germany. The American Legion indorses the invasion of the Ruhr valley. Under the terms of the Versailles treaty, Germany was bound to make certain reparations. In my opinion, the only way to enforce that treaty was by invasion by the French. The United States, as one of the signers of that treaty, is morally bound to back France in her action."

Here is an exposition of the situation not only wholly compatible with facts, but highly refreshing.—*Boston Financial News*.

Almost from the first day of his appointment Forbes has been under fire. The director of the Veterans' Bureau has to stand the assaults of the various soldier organizations that came into existence after the war. The American Legion is the most influential and attracts the greatest attention, and the public thinks it is the only one; but there are half a dozen others, each the rival of all the others. If the director is suspected of being too greatly under the influence of The American Legion, then the Disabled American Veterans, the Disabled Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Veterans of the World War and all the others have their knives out for him. Each of these organizations has a certain amount of influence with Congress.—*"A Looker-on in Washington" in the New York World*.

Unsurpassed in oratory, Commander Owsley is much more than an orator. A well-informed observer and a logical thinker, he surpasses both of these as an expounder. The magnetism of personality and the graces of oratory that appeal to the fancy are subordinated to a directness of expression with which he clinches his facts. He does not fence and parry with suggestion but strikes boldly with assertion that is convincing and incontrovertible. Evidently he is not a politician. Unqualifiedly, above all else, he is an American, a personified composite of the best strains that have produced a new race upon our American continent.—*Kearney (Neb.) Hub*.





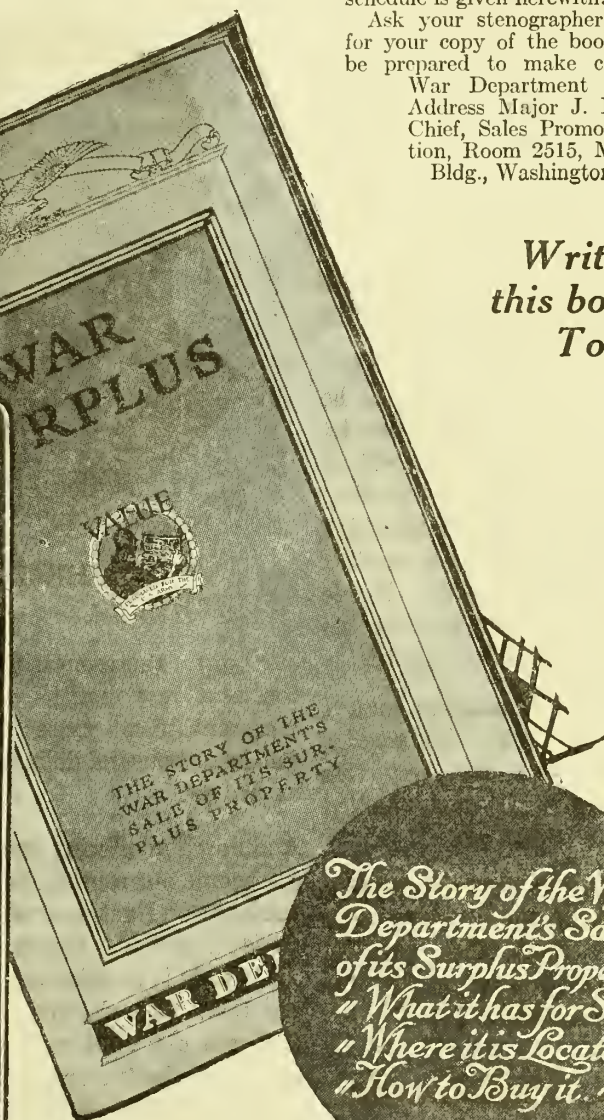
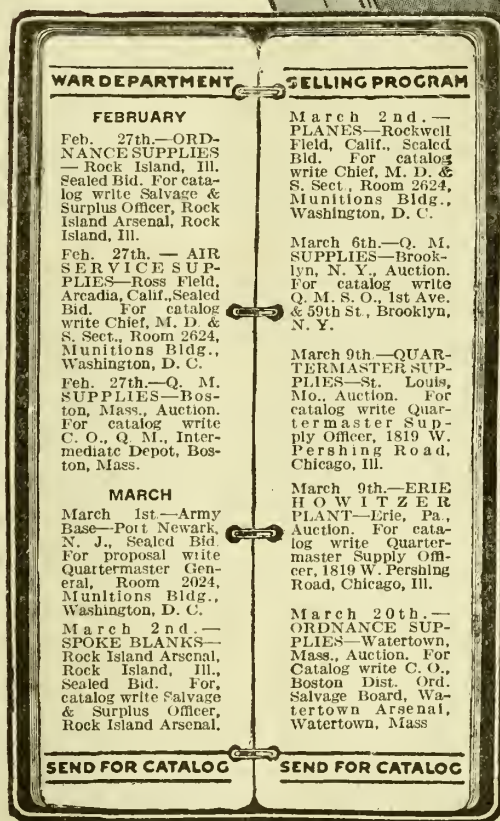
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J. R. HEAD

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